THE

LAUREL,

A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS,

COMPOSED BY

Mr. Joseph Baildon,

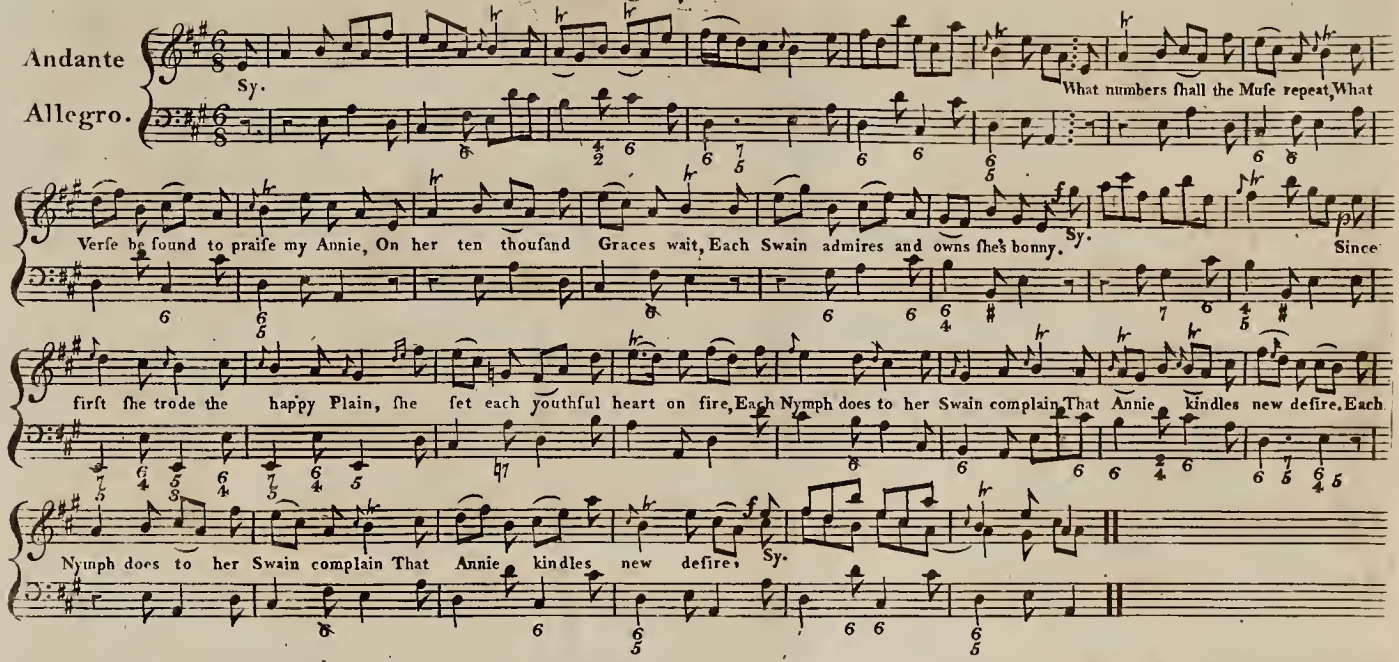
For the

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

Printed for Harrison & Co. N°18, Paternoster-Row.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



2

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like Summers dawn she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye:
All day the am'rous Youths conveen,
Joyous they sport and play before her,
All night when she no more is seen,
In blissfull dreams they still adore her.

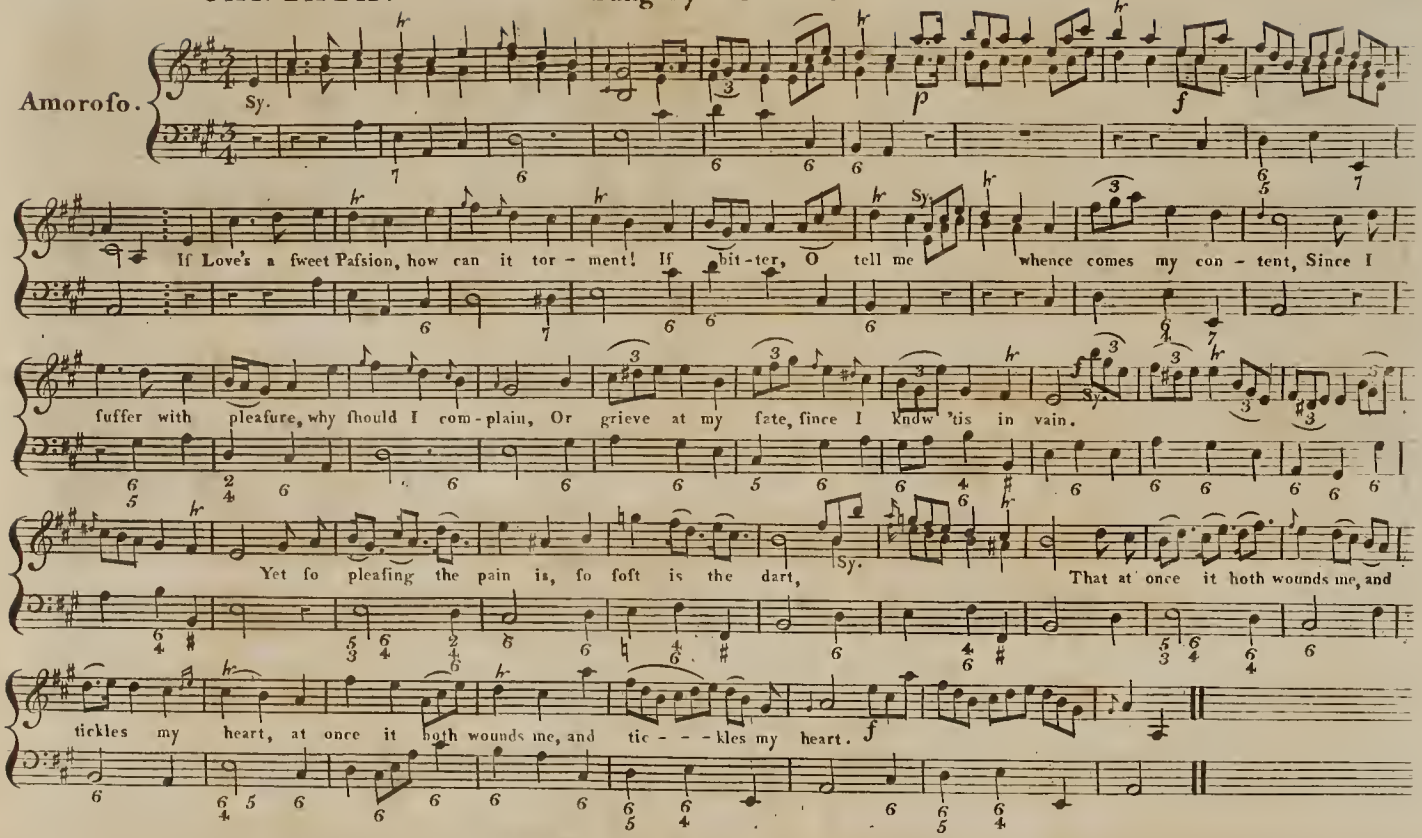
3

Among the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie,
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many:
With smiles the lovely Maid reply'd.
Kind Shepherd why should I deceive ye,
Alas! your love must be deny'd,
This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve you.

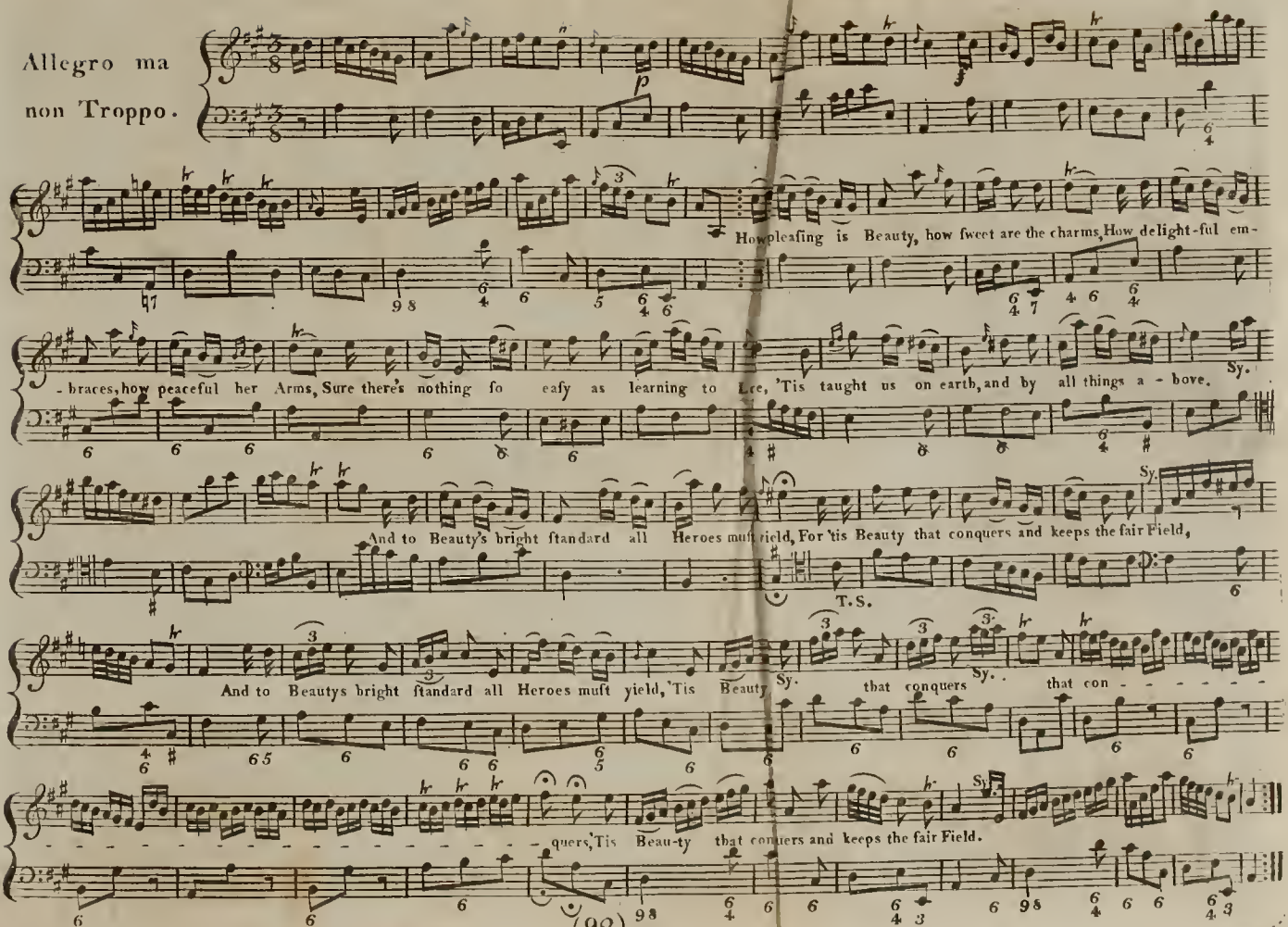
4

Young Damon came with Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
He stole away my Virgin heart,
Cease poor Amyntor, cease bewailing:
Some brighter Beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the Nymphs are many,
Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

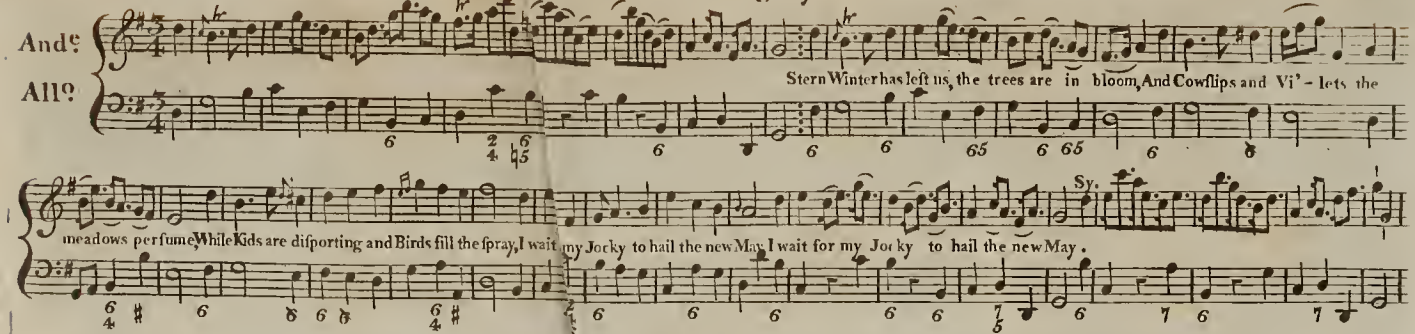
CANTATA. Sung by Mr. Lowe.



I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by Paſſionate ſilence I make my love known;
But Oh! how I'm bleſs'd when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her Love,
When in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither dare name.


Allegro ma non Troppo.
How pleasing is Beauty, how sweet are the charms, How delight-ful em-
- braces, how peaceful her Arms, Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to Lee, 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things a - bove.
Sy.
And to Beauty's bright ſtandard all Heroes muſt yield, For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair Field,
T.S.
And to Beautys bright ſtandard all Heroes muſt yield, 'Tis Beauty
Sy.
that conquers
Sy.
that con - - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - quers, 'Tis Beau-ty that conquers and keeps the fair Field.

JOCKY and JENNY. A DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Lowe and Miſs Falkner.



JOCKY.

1 Among the young Lillies, my Jenny I've ſtray'd,
Pinks, Daizies, and Woodbine I bring to my Maid,
Here's Thyme ſweetly ſmelling, and Lavender gay,
A Poſy to form for my Queen of the May.

JENNY.

2 Ah Jocky I fear you intend to beguile,
When ſeated with Molly laſt Night on a Stile,
You ſwore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor Jenny your Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

3 Young Wy is handſome, in Shepherds green dreſt,
He gave u thoſe Ribbands that hang at your Breaſt,
Beſides te ſweet Kiſſes upon the new Hay,
Was that one like Jenny, my Queen of the May.

JENNY.

4 This garid of Roſes no longer I prize,
Since Joc falſe hearted, his Paſſion denies,
Ye flowe ſo blooming this inſtant decay
For Jenn no longer the Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

5 Believe me dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong,
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song,
From the dews of pale Eve to the dawning of day,
I ſing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

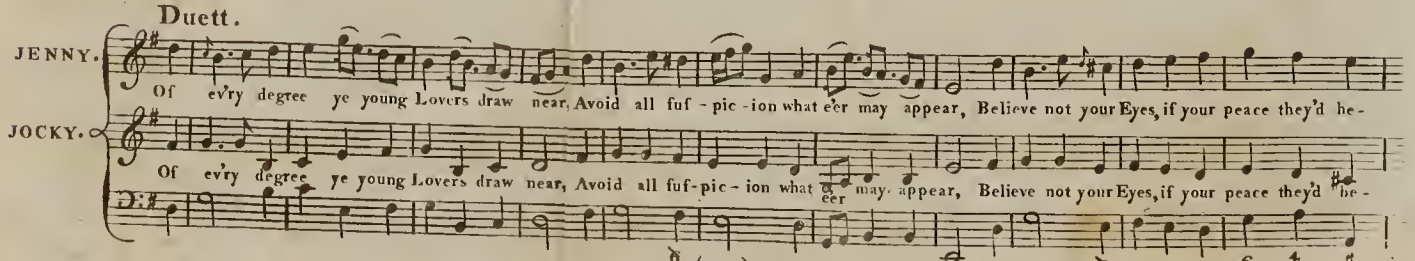
JENNY.

6 Again halmy comfort with tranſport I view,
My fears are all vaniſh'd ſince Jocky is true,
Then to our blithe Shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

JOCKY.

7 Of ev'ry degree ye young Lovers draw near,
Avoid al ſuſpicion; what e'er may appear,
Believe it your Eyes, if your peace they'd betray,
Then con my dear Jenny and hail the new May.

Duett.



tray, Then come my dear Jocky and hail the new May, Then come my dear Jocky and hail the new May. Sy.

tray, Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May, Then come my dear Jenny and hail the new May.

A SIGH. A Song.

Affettuoso

Sy. f p f p f

Gen-tle Air thou breath of Lo-vers, Vapour from a fecret fire, Va-pour from a fe--cret fire,

p f Which by thee it felf dif--co-vers, Ere yet dare-ing to af-

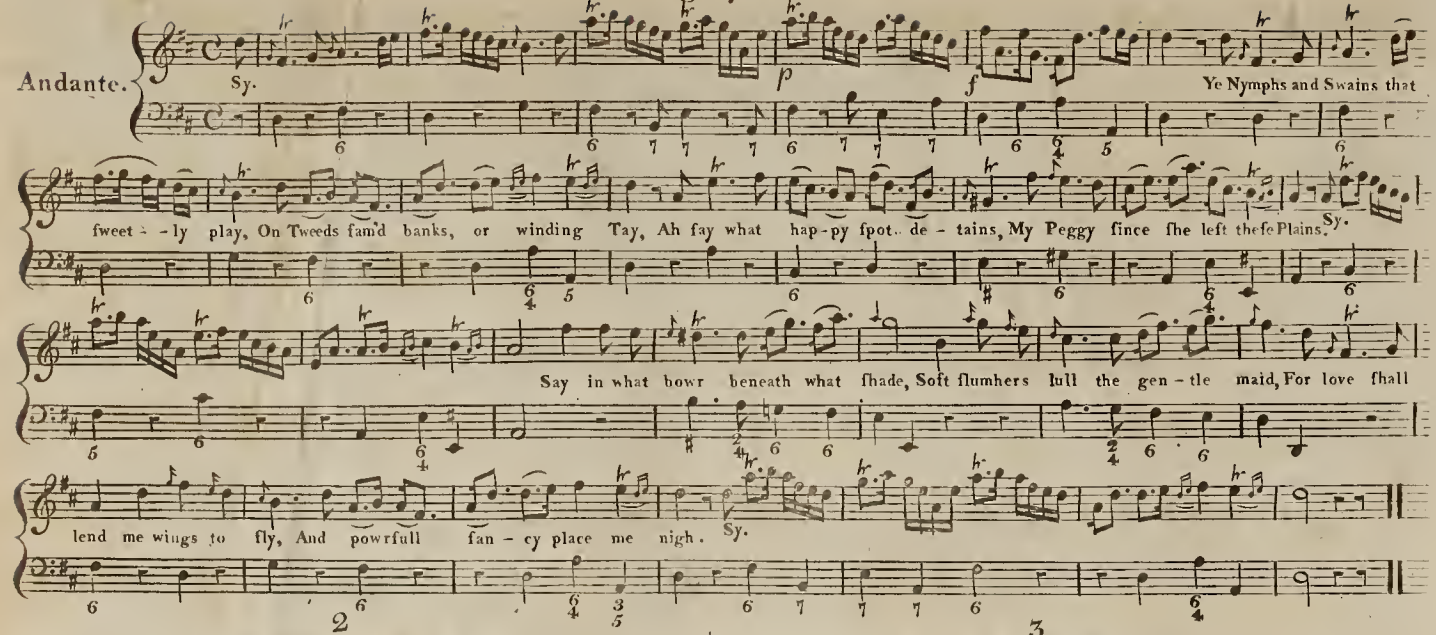
-pire Ere yet dare-ing to af---pire.

2 Softeft Note of whifper'd anguifh,
Harmony's refined part,
Striking while thou feem'ft to languifh,
Full upon the Liftner's heart.

3 Safeft meffenger of paffion,
Strolling thro' a crowd of Spies,
Who conftrain the outward Faffhion,
Clofe the Lips, and watch the eyes.

4 Shapelefs figh, we ne'er can fhow thee,
Fram'd but to affault the Ear,
Yet ere to their coft they know thee,
Every Nymph may read thee — Here

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



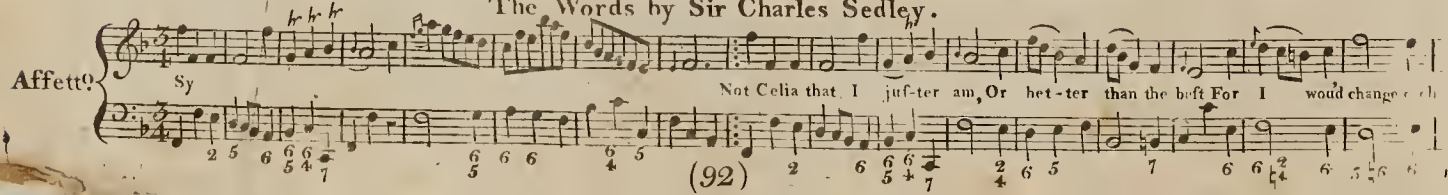
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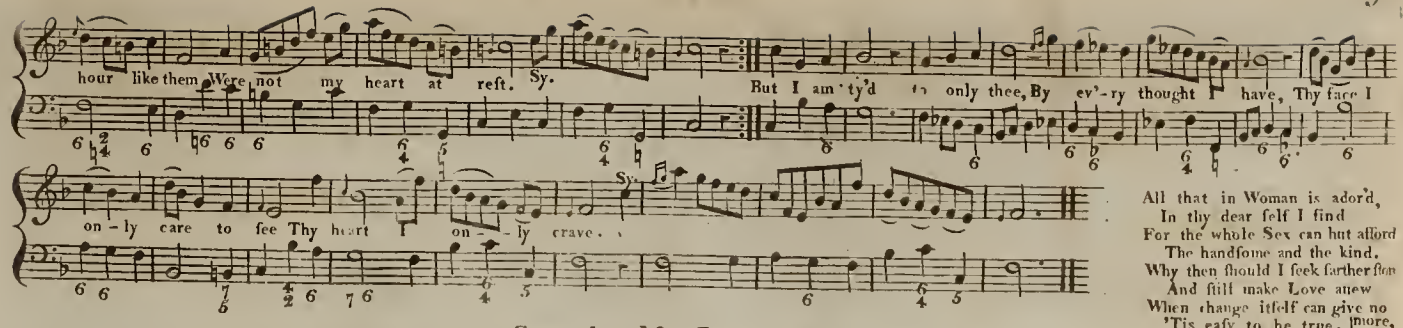
Alas! the hliffful Scene how chang'd,
Where once we both with pleafure rang'd,
Not half fo fair the lilly fprings,
Not half fo fweet the Linnet fings;
Hafte then thou lovely fair once more,
O hafte to blefs the Southern Shore,
And Aprils Clouds fhall fmile as gay
As all the Sunny pride of May.

3

Yet rather may the Fates deny,
The Beauties to my longing eye,
If Time a cruel change has wrought,
On Tweed a fweeter Leffon taught;
But fhould thy faithful Shepherd find,
His lovely Peggy ftill is kind,
Then abfcence fhall thy Charms improve
And I with double Rapture Love.

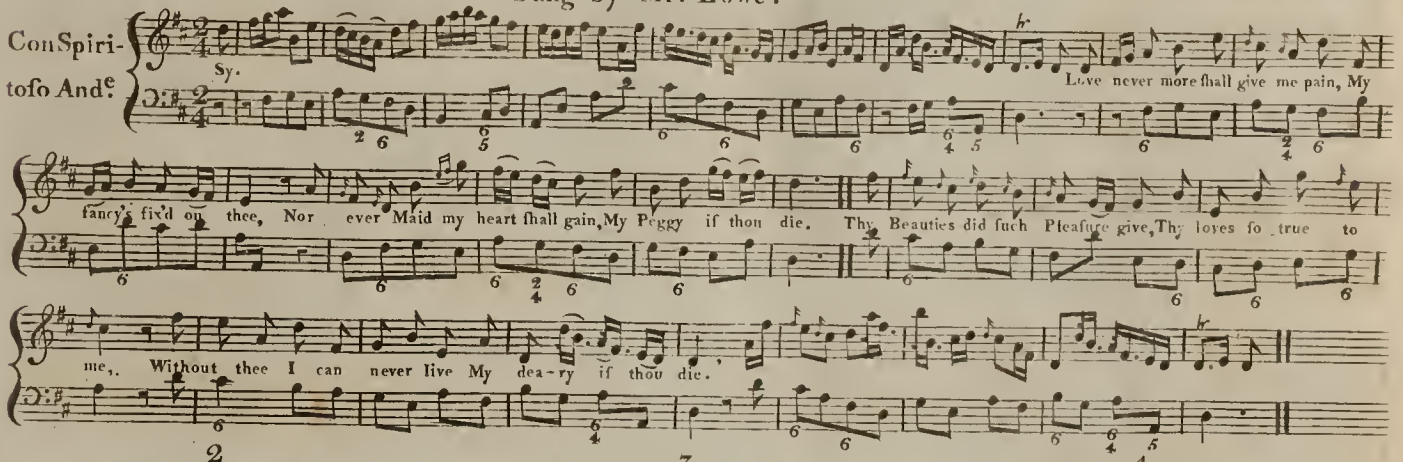
The Words by Sir Charles Sedley.





All that in Woman is ador'd,
In thy dear felf I find
For the whole Sex can but afford
The handfome and the kind.
Why then fhould I feek farther ftore
And ftill make Love anew
When change itfelf can give no more,
'Tis eafy to be true.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



2

If fate fhould tear thee from my hreaft,
How lonely fhall I ftray
In dreary dreams the night I'll waſte,
In ſighs the ſilent day,
I ne'er can ſo much virtue find,
Nor ſuch Perfection ſee,
Then I'll renounce all Woman kind
My Peggy after thee.

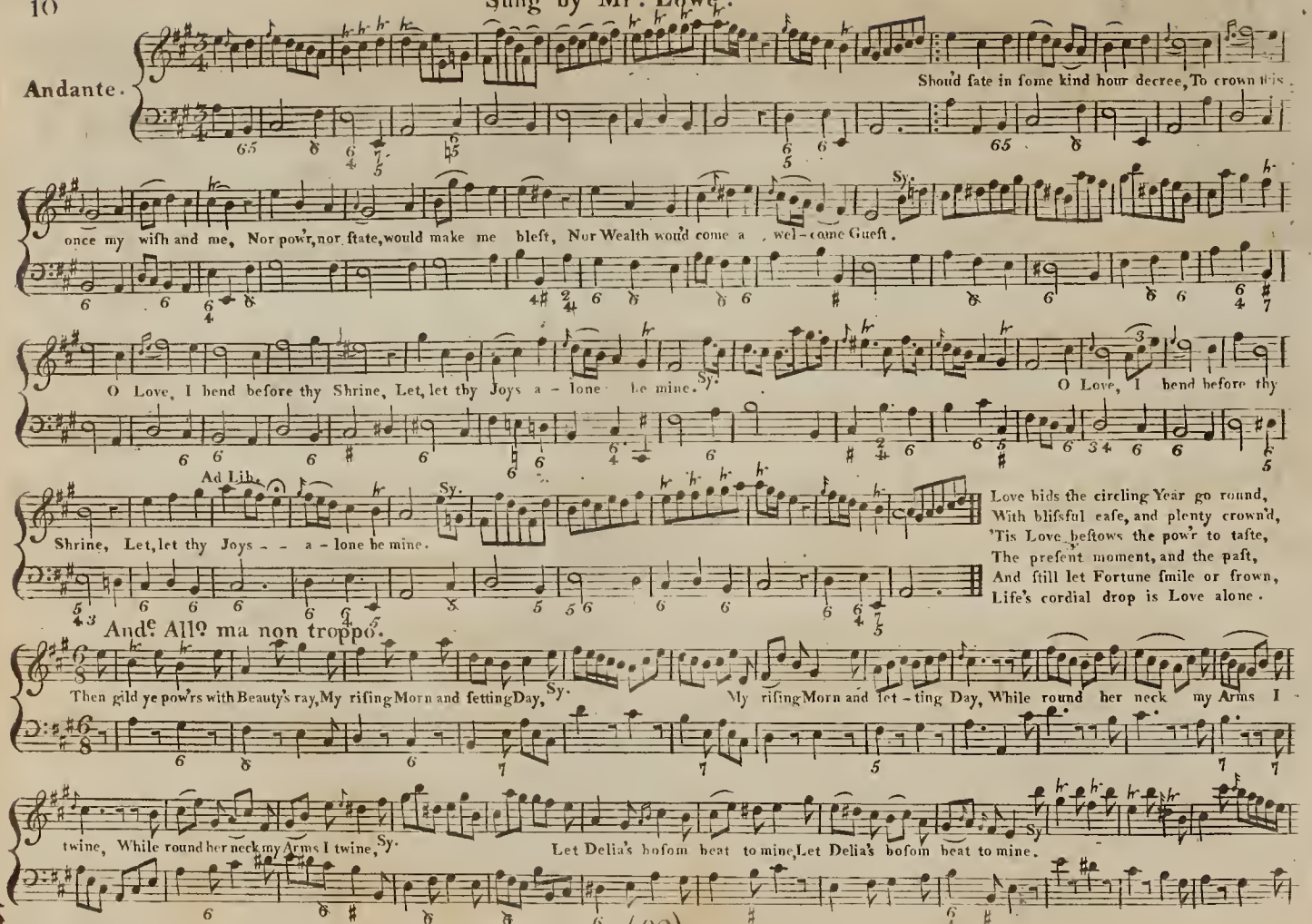
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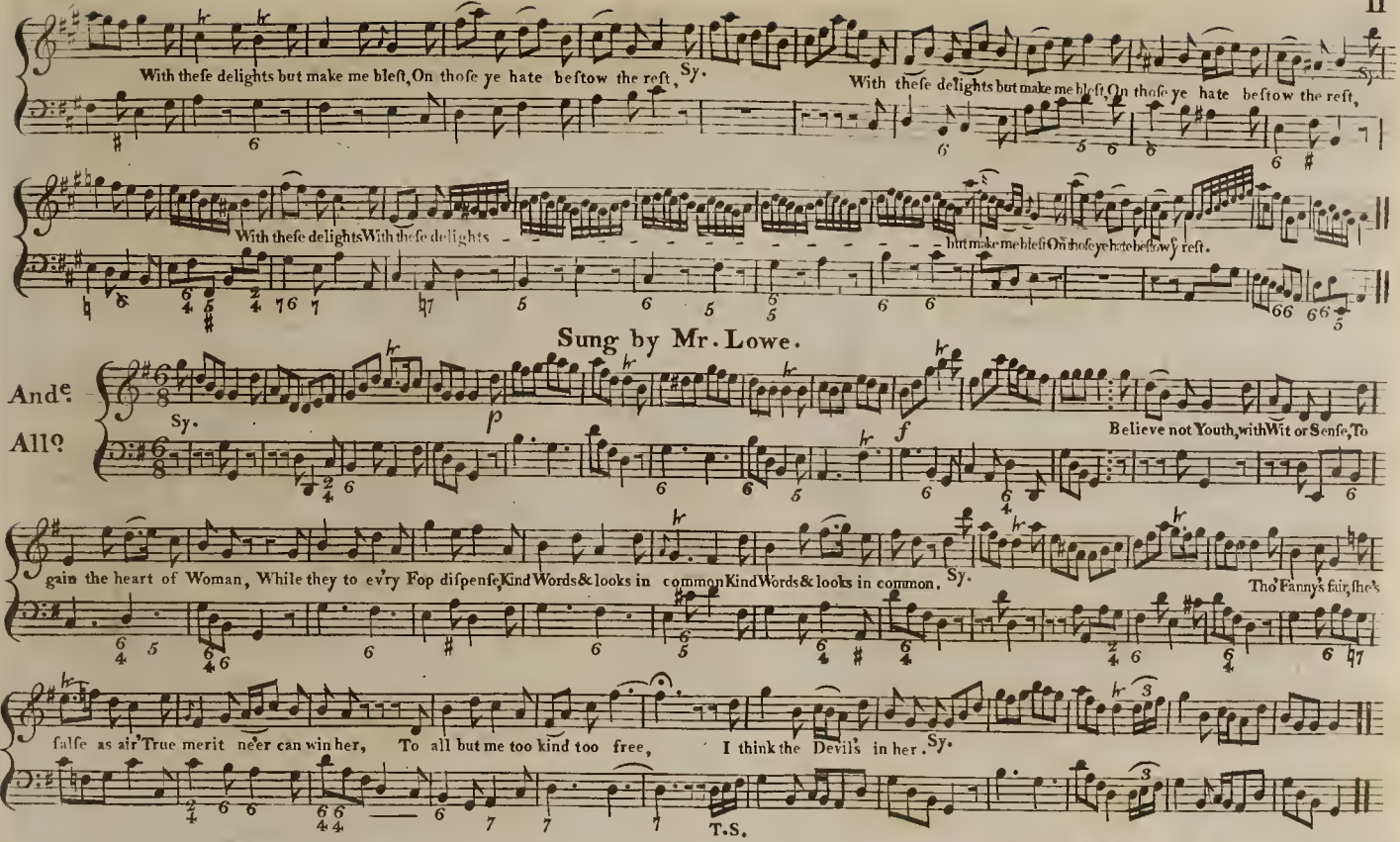
No new blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupids raving rage,
But thine which can ſuch ſweets impart,
Muſt all the world engage;
'Twas this that like the morning Sun
Gave joy and life to me,
And when its deſtin'd day is come
With Peggy let me die.

4

Ye Pow'rs that ſmile on Virtuous Love,
And in ſuch Pleaſure ſhare,
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair,
Reſtore my Peggy's wonted Charms,
Thoſe charms ſo dear to me,
Oh! never rob them from thoſe arms,
I'm loſt if Peggy die.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

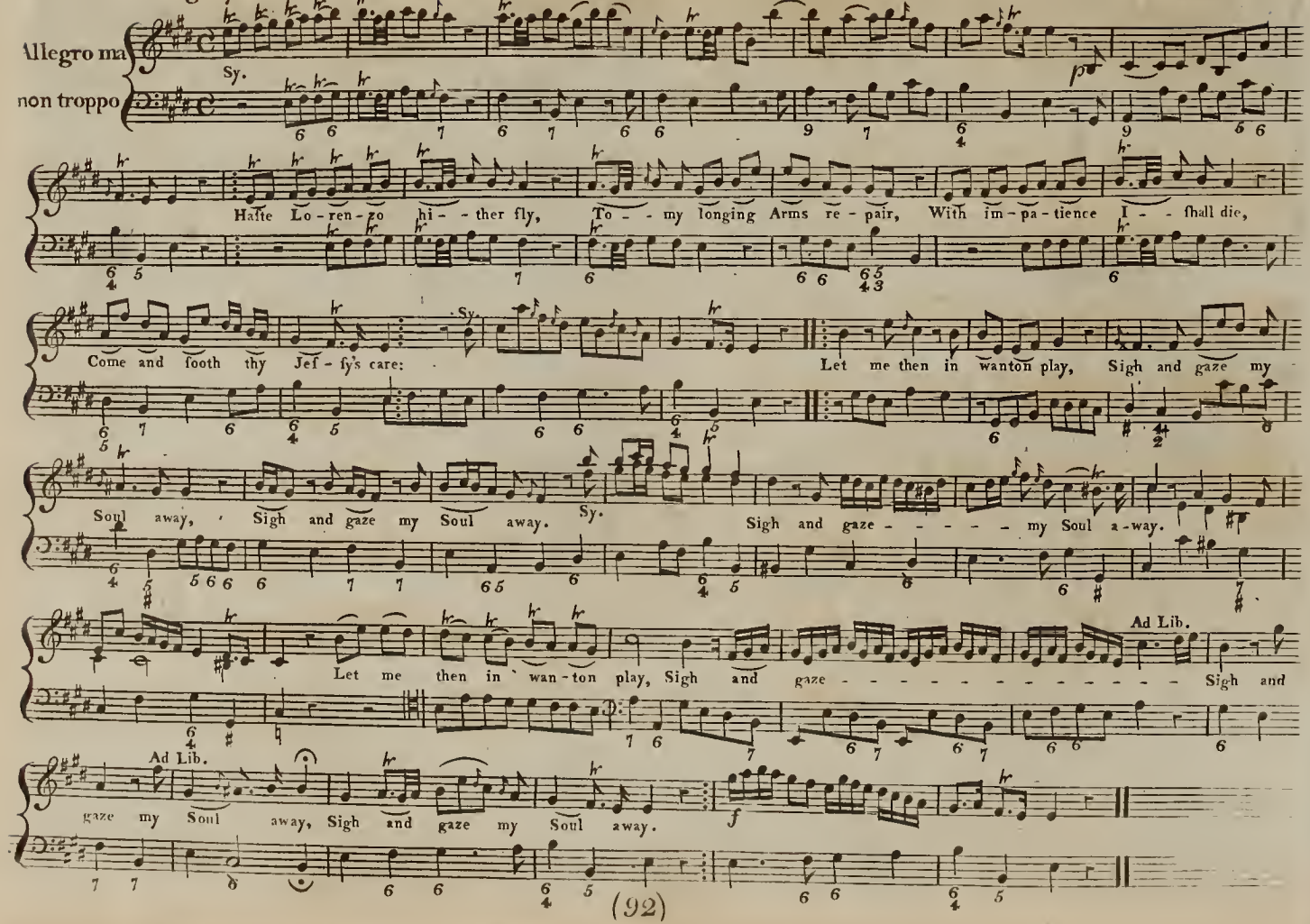


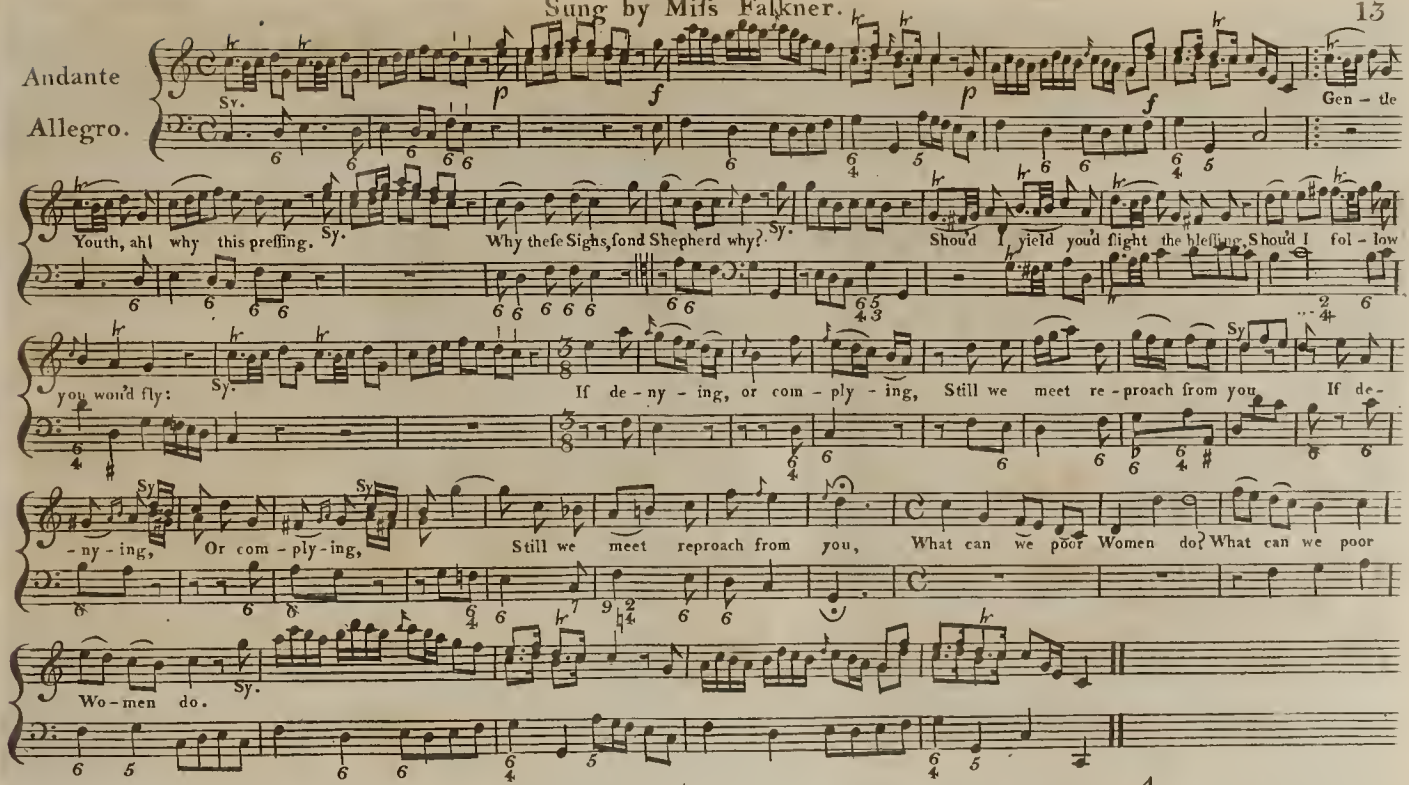


I calmly did her Foibles shew,
Still urg'd with soft Perswasion,
In vain I talk'd, nought but a Beau
Engross'd her Inclination:
My old Advice I did repeat,
Consult the heart within her,
She turnd to Chat, of this and that
I think the Devils in her.

Perplex'd and vex'd, new Schemes I try'd,
And in the task succeeded,
Rigg'd out in all a Coxcomb's Pride,
My passion warmley pleaded:
Ye Gods! how fond how far beyond
My wish or expectation,
So mean a Taste her Sex disgrac'd,
The Slave of fickle fashion.

Sung by Mrs. Chambers in the Character of Jeſsica in the Merchant of Venice.





2

Better far each wiſh to ſmother,
That to Love wou'd lead aſtray;
If by pleading for another,
We, poor Maids, ourſelves betray:
Ever changing,
Roving, ranging,
If you're cold when we purſue
What can we poor Women do?

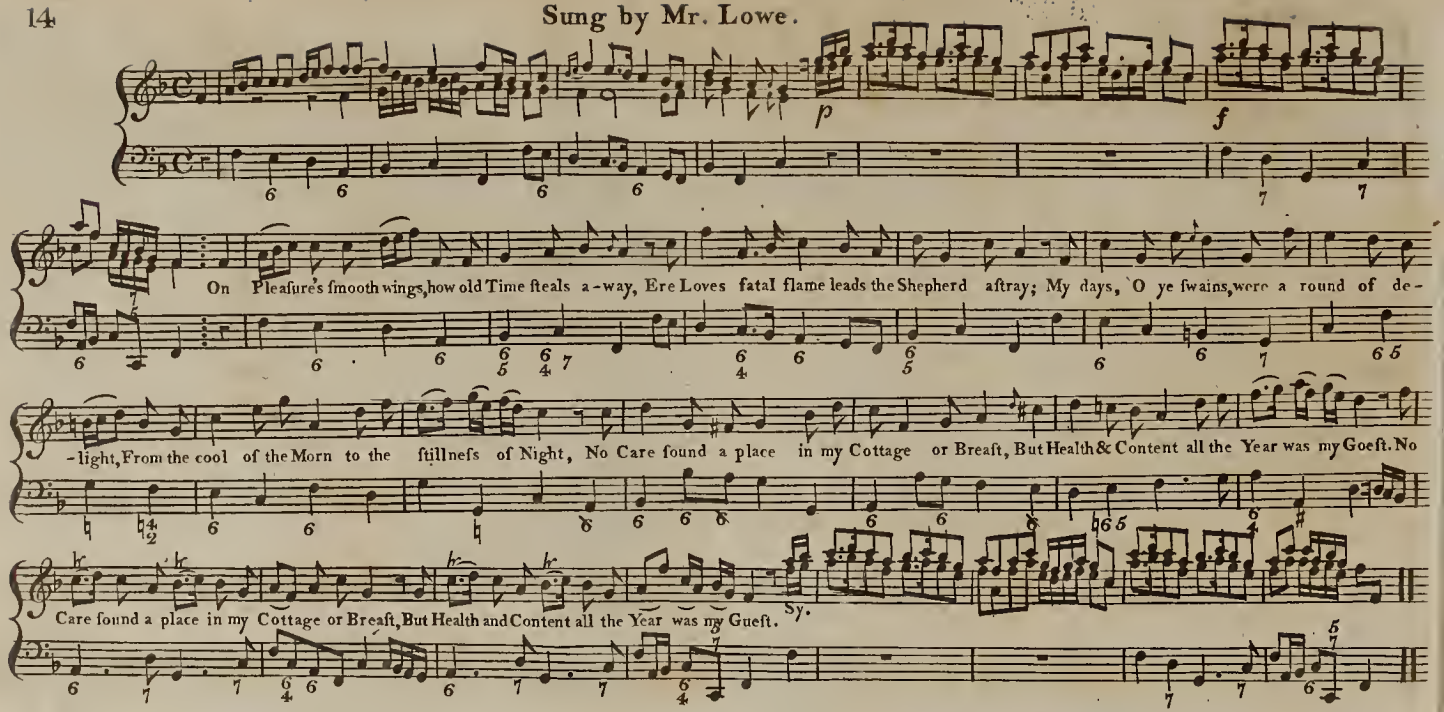
3

Oft we credit, to our ruin,
Tender vows, and broken ſighs;
Since by kneeling thus, and ſuing,
Oft our Slaves our Tyrants riſe:
Pity ſwaying,
Love obeying,
When you ſwear you'll ſtill be true,
What can we poor Women do?

4

Prithee then dear Youth, give over,
Left too fondly I ſubmit;
Shou'd the bold perſiſting Lover
On the lucky Minute hit:
When relenting,
And conſenting,
In our turn we languiſh too,
What can we poor Women do?

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



2

'Twas then no fair Phillis my Heart cou'd enſnare
With Voice, or with Feature, with dreſs, or with air,
So kindly young Cupid had pointed the Dart,
That I gather'd the ſweets, but I miſs'd of the ſmart,
I toy'd for a while, then I rov'd like the Bee,
But ſtill all my Song was I'll ever be free.

3

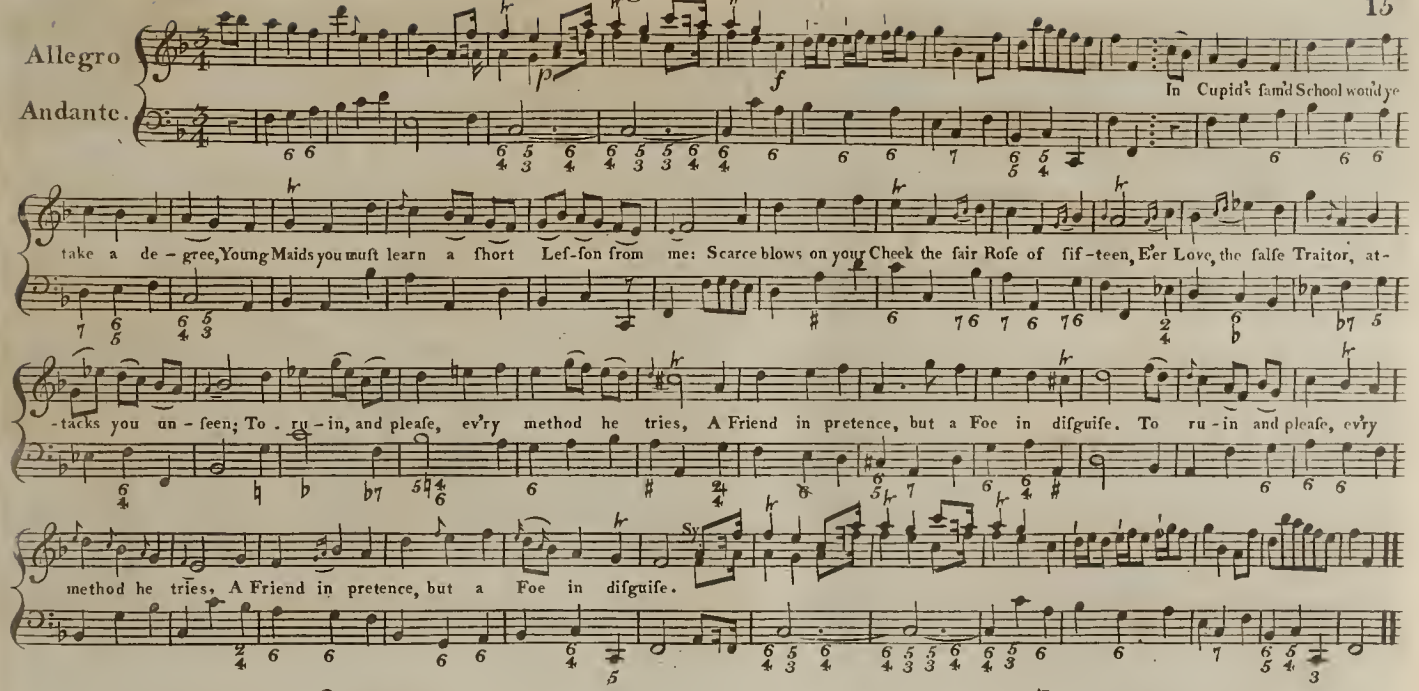
'Twas then ev'ry object freſh raptures did yield,
If I ſtray'd thro' the Garden, or traverſ'd the Field,
Ten thouſand gay ſcenes were diſplay'd to my ſight,
If the Nightingale ſung I cou'd liſten all Night,
With my Reed I cou'd Pipe to the tune of the Stream,
And wake to new Life from a rapt'rous Dream.

4

But now ſince for Hebe in ſecret I ſigh,
Alas! what a change! and how wretched am I,
Adieu to the charms of the Valley and Glade,
Their ſweets now all ſicken, their colours all fade,
No Muſic I find in ſoft Philomell's ſtrain,
And the Brook o'er the Pebbles now murmurs in vain.

5

They ſay that ſhe's kind, but no kindneſs I ſee,
On others ſhe ſmiles, but ſhe frowns upon me,
Then teach me, bright Venus, perſwaſions ſoft Art,
Or aid me by reaſon to ranſom my Heart,
To crown my deſire, or to baniſh my pain,
Give Love to the Nymph, or give eaſe to the Swain.



2

Does your fancy incline to Wealth, Title, or Dreſs,
Does your Pulſe beat to Pleaſure, or ſink at Diſtreſs;
To your humour and taſte ſtill he varies his Art,
And ſteals through your Eyes and your Ears to your Heart:
Beware then, and learn, from the fair ones of old,
To harden like Trees, and like Rivers grow cold.

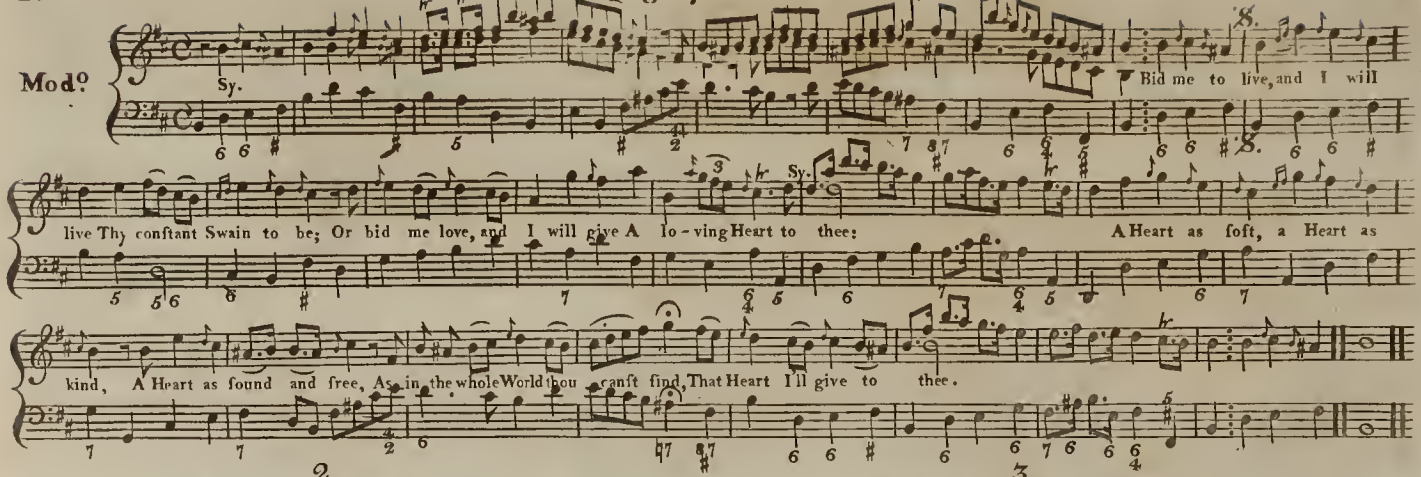
3

From the formal grave dunce, who goes moping all Day,
From the Fop who ſtill prates, but has nothing to ſay;
From the Soldier ſo fierce, juſt arriv'd from the Wars,
Whoſe Tongue runs on Battles, on Dangers, on Scars:
From the Rake, who inſults the poor Nymph he betray'd,
From all theſe, kind Cupid, deliver each Maid.

4

But find out the Lover whoſe Paſſion can tend
To the bliſs of your life, from beginning to end:
If the ſtamp of true Merit, and honour he wears,
Away Girls, away with your doubts and your fears;
Think why you were made, and reſolve to be kind,
For the bleſſings you'll give, and the bleſsings you'll find.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



2

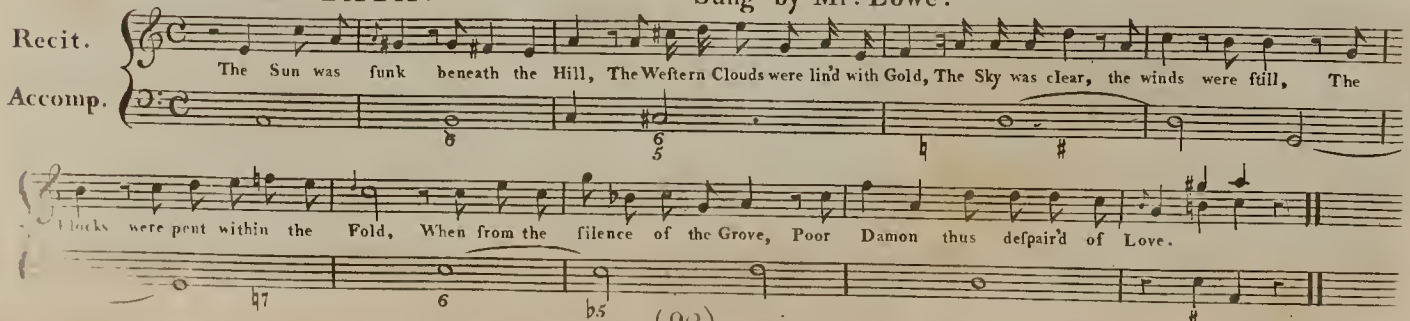
Bid that Heart ſtay, and it will ſtay,
To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languiſh quite away,
All this 'twill do for thee:
Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have Eyes to ſee,
And having none, yet I will keep
A Heart to weep for thee.

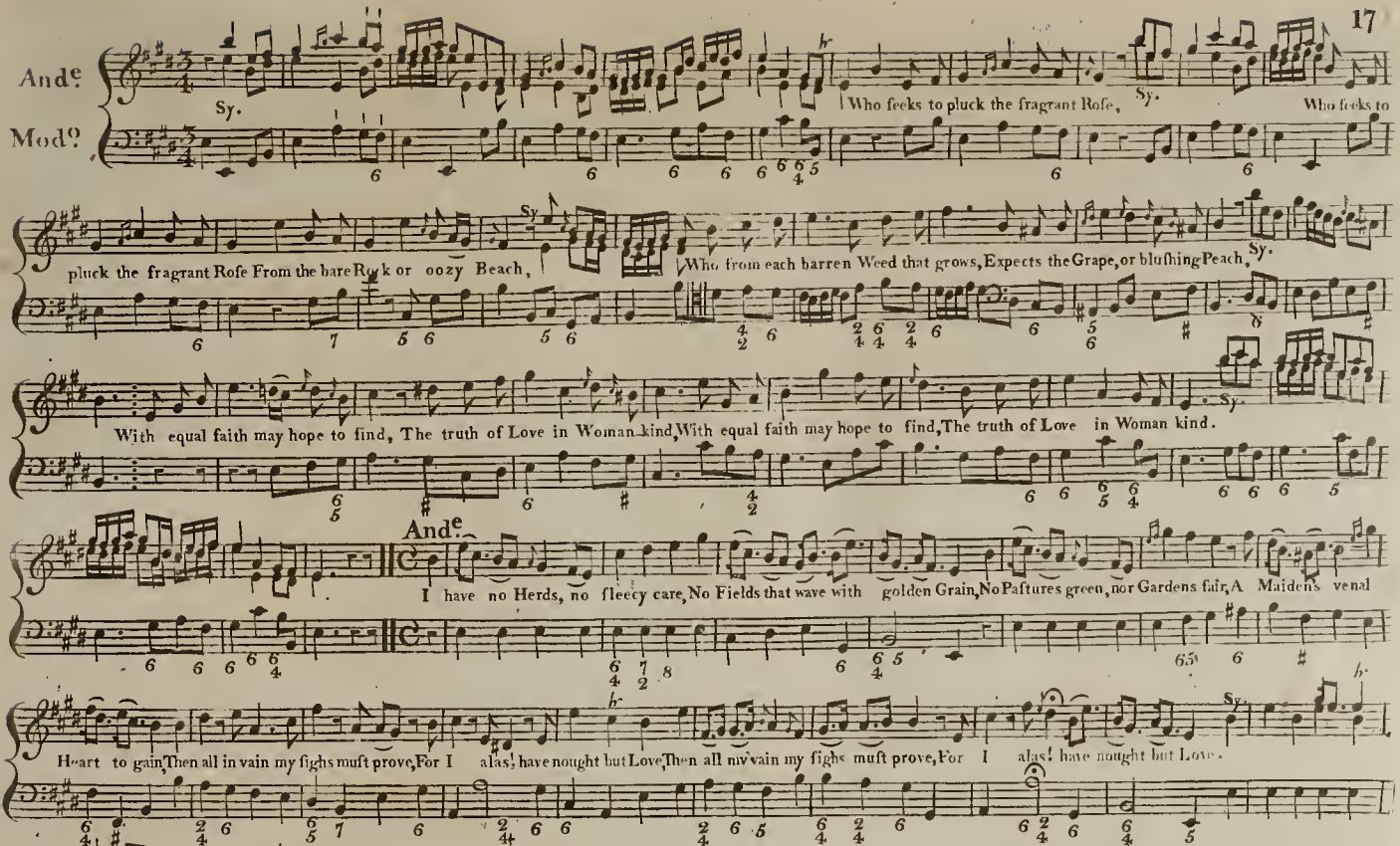
3

Bid me deſpair, and I'll deſpair,
Beneath yon Cypreſs tree,
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death itſelf for thee:
Thou art my Life, my Love, my Heart,
The very Eyes of me;
And haſt command in ev'ry part
To live and die for thee.

CANTATA.

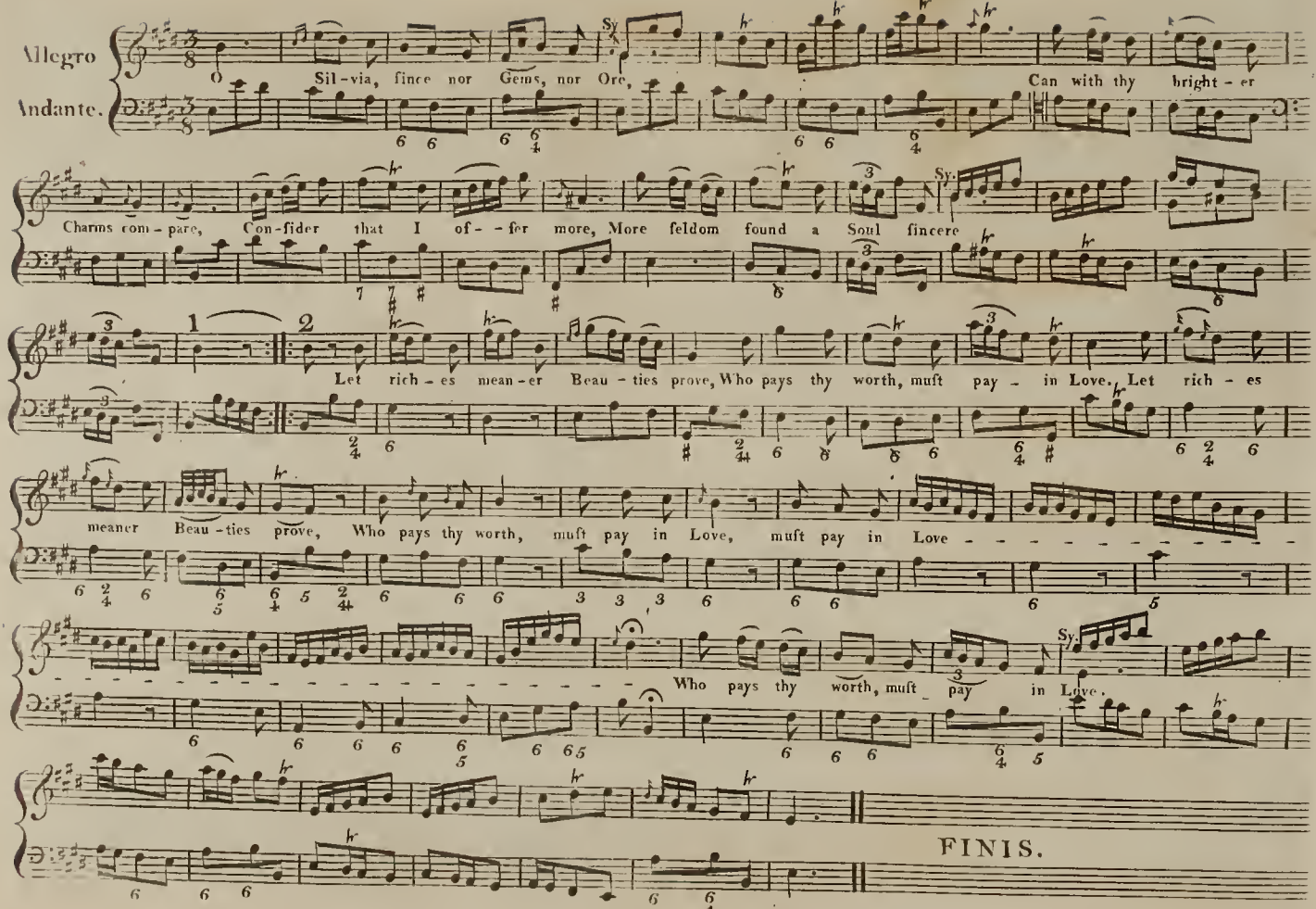
Sung by Mr. Lowe.





How wretched is the faithfull Youth,
Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold,
They ask not vows of sacred truth,
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold;
Gold can the frowns of scorn remove,
But I alas! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of India's coast,
What wealth, what treasure can suffice,
Not all their shine can ever boast,
The living lustre of her Eyes;
For these the world too cheap would prove,
But I alas! have nought but Love.


Allegro
Andante.
O Sil-via, fince nor Gems, nor Ore, Can with thy bright-er
Charms com-pare, Con-fider that I of--fer more, More feldom found a Soul fincere
Let rich-es mean-er Beau-ties prove, Who pays thy worth, muft pay - in Love. Let rich-es
meaner Beau-ties prove, Who pays thy worth, muft pay in Love, muft pay in Love
Who pays thy worth, muft pay in Love.
FINIS.

THE

LAUREL,

A COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS,

COMPOSED BY

Mr. Joseph Baildon,

For the

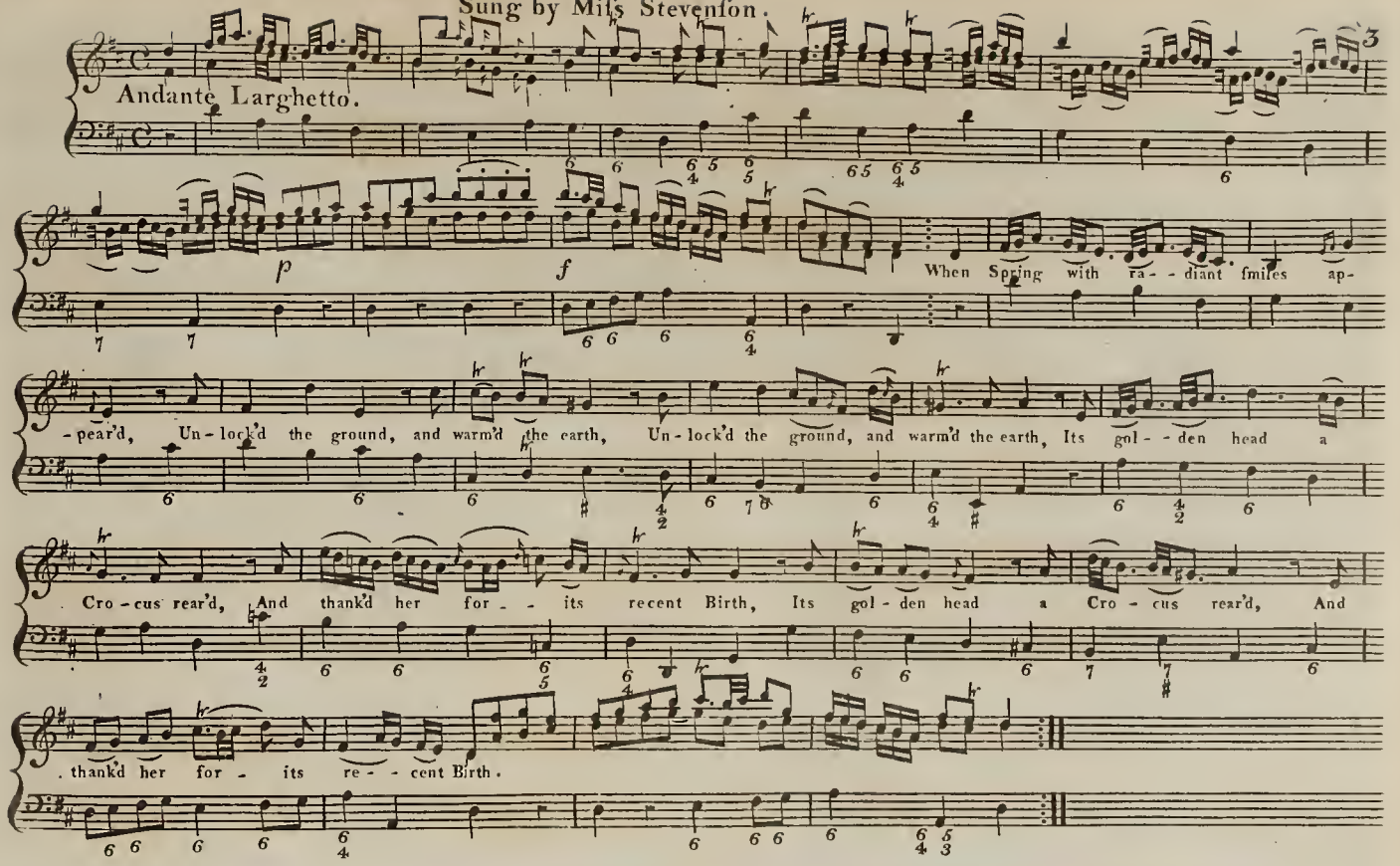
VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

Book 2.

LONDON:

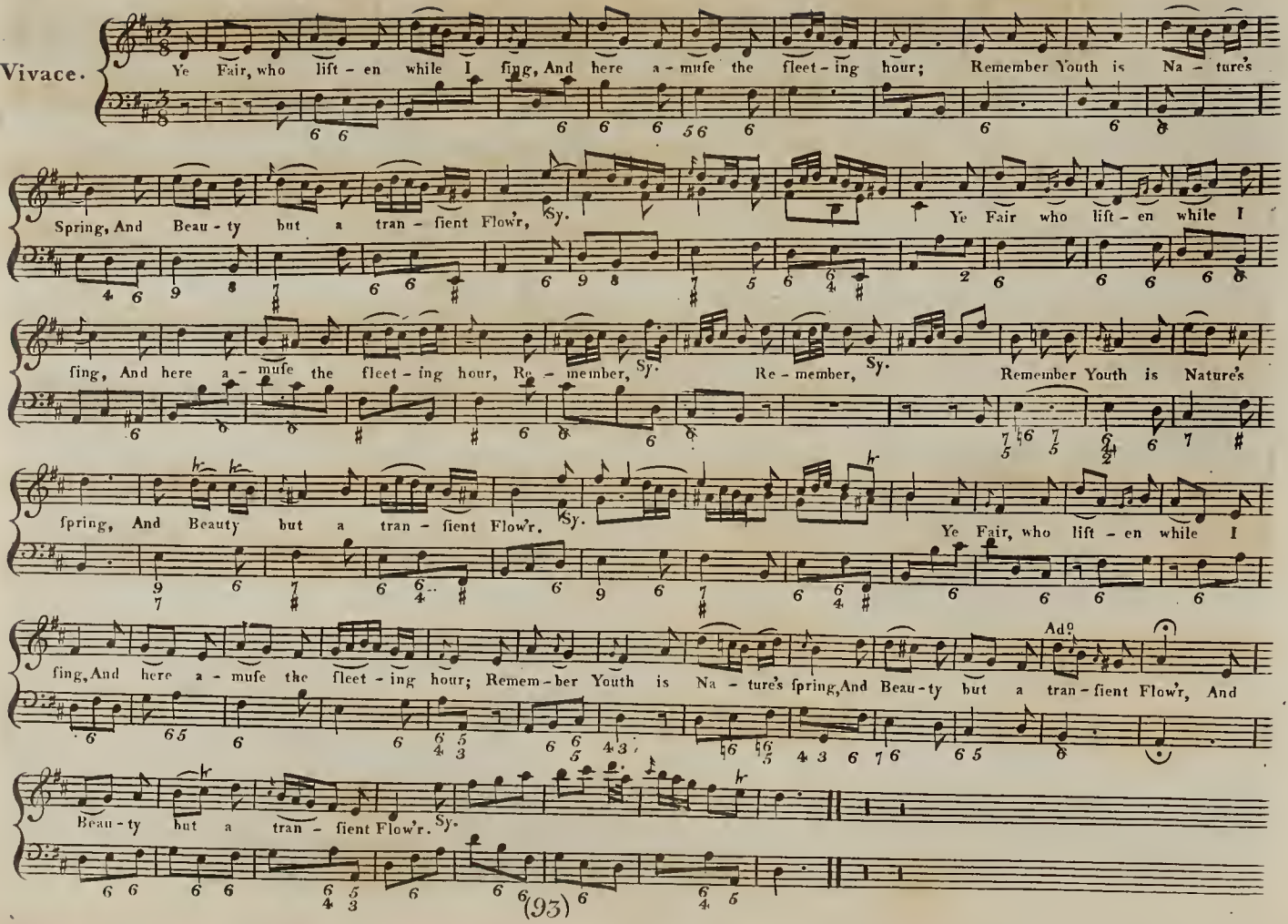
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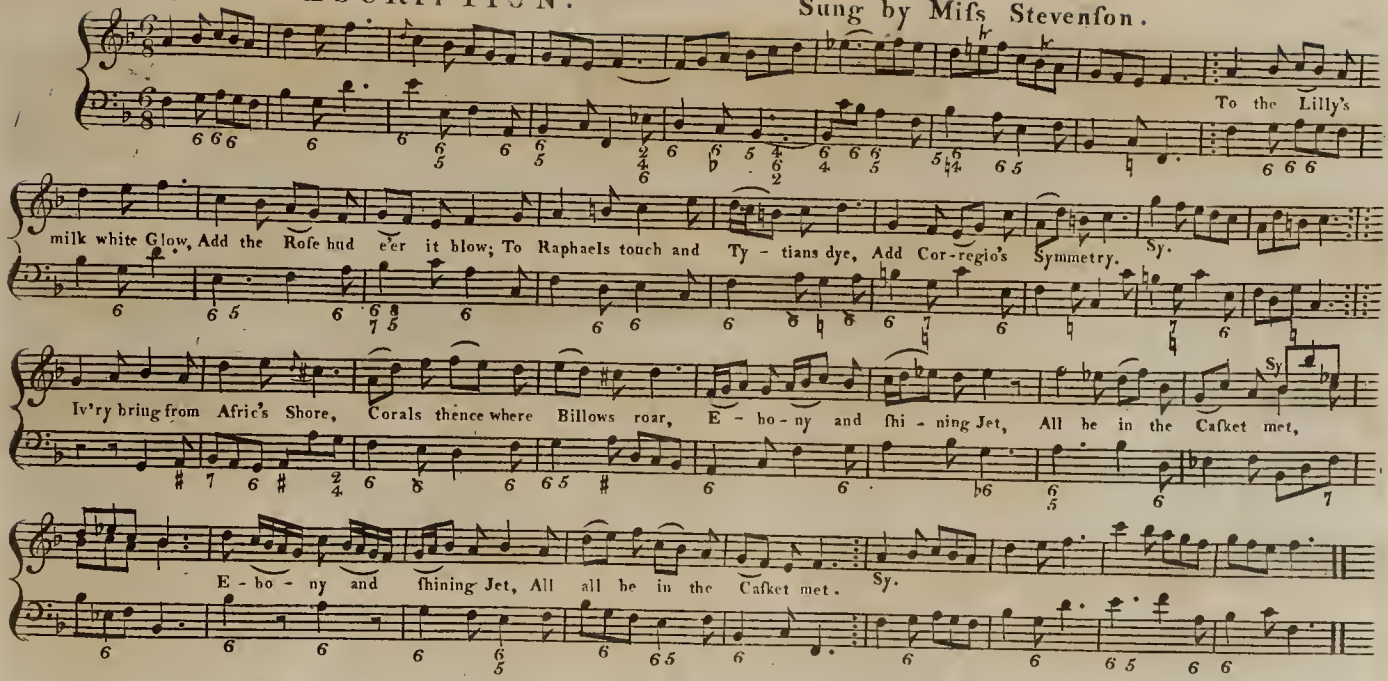
The Primroſe, which around it blow'd,
Its radiance view'd with pallid face,
And wonder'd Nature had beſtow'd
On ſuch a Flow'r ſo ſweet a Grace.

Its beauties caught Clarinda's Eyes,
Who wond'ring view'd its gaudy hue,
And ſtriving to engroſs the Prize,
Cropt its fair form and kill'd it too.


Vivace.
Ye Fair, who lift - en while I ſing, And here a - muſe the fleet - ing hour; Remember Youth is Na - ture's
Spring, And Beau - ty but a tran - ſient Flow'r, Sy. Ye Fair who lift - en while I
ſing, And here a - muſe the fleet - ing hour, Re - member, Sy. Re - member, Sy. Remember Youth is Nature's
ſpring, And Beauty but a tran - ſient Flow'r. Sy. Ye Fair, who lift - en while I
ſing, And here a - muſe the fleet - ing hour; Remem - ber Youth is Na - ture's ſpring, And Beau - ty but a tran - ſient Flow'r, And
Adº
Beau - ty but a tran - ſient Flow'r. Sy.

A DESCRIPTION.

Sung by Miſs Stevenſon.



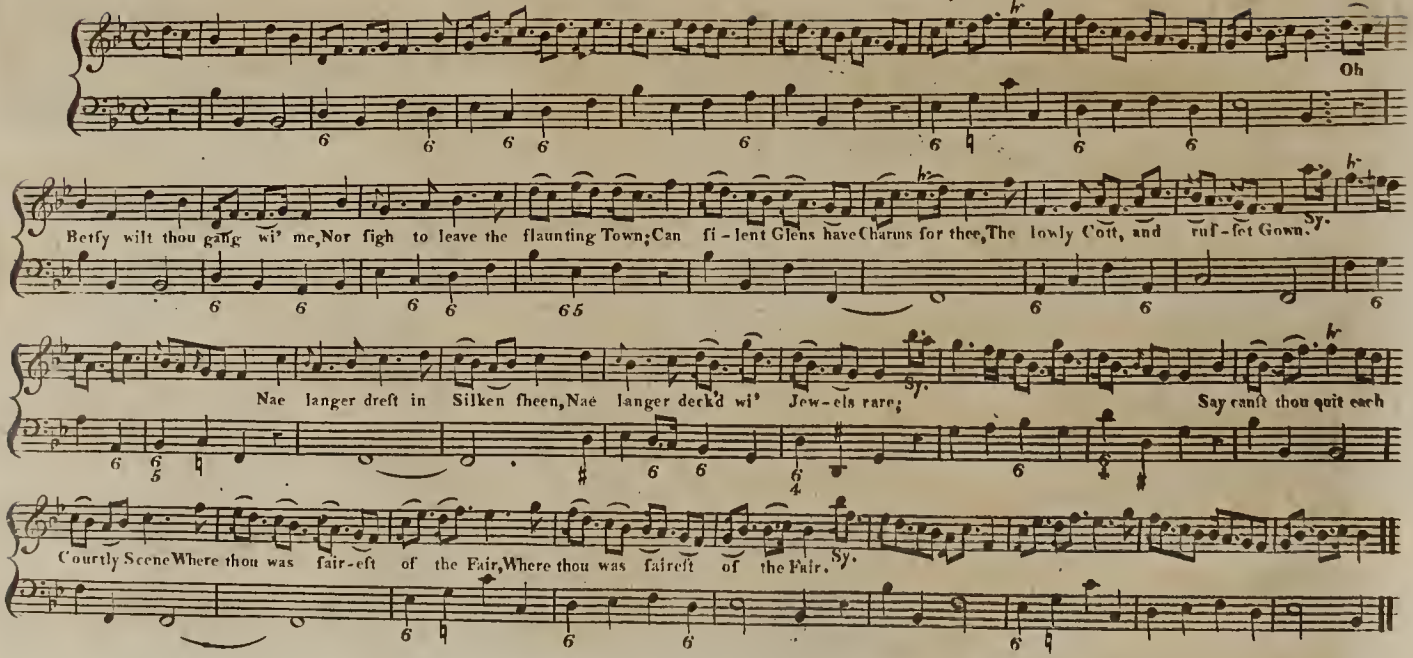
2

In Arabia's Land exhale,
Odours from the Spicy Gale;
Rich Perfumes from India bring,
Catch the Meadows ſweets in Spring;
More the Picture to adorn
Draw the Bluſhes of the Morn;
In Auroras flowing Veſt,
Lightly he the Damſel dreſt.

3

Shape and Air of Venus ſhow,
Let the Graces ſmiles beſtow;
Laſtly to compleat the whole,
Give the Nymph Minerva's Soul;
Theſe, the Poets all declare,
Conſtitute the Charming Fair;
But, alas! ſhe's only found
In Poets Song, and Fairy Ground.

SONG in imitation of the Scotch Manner. Sung by Mr. Beard.



2

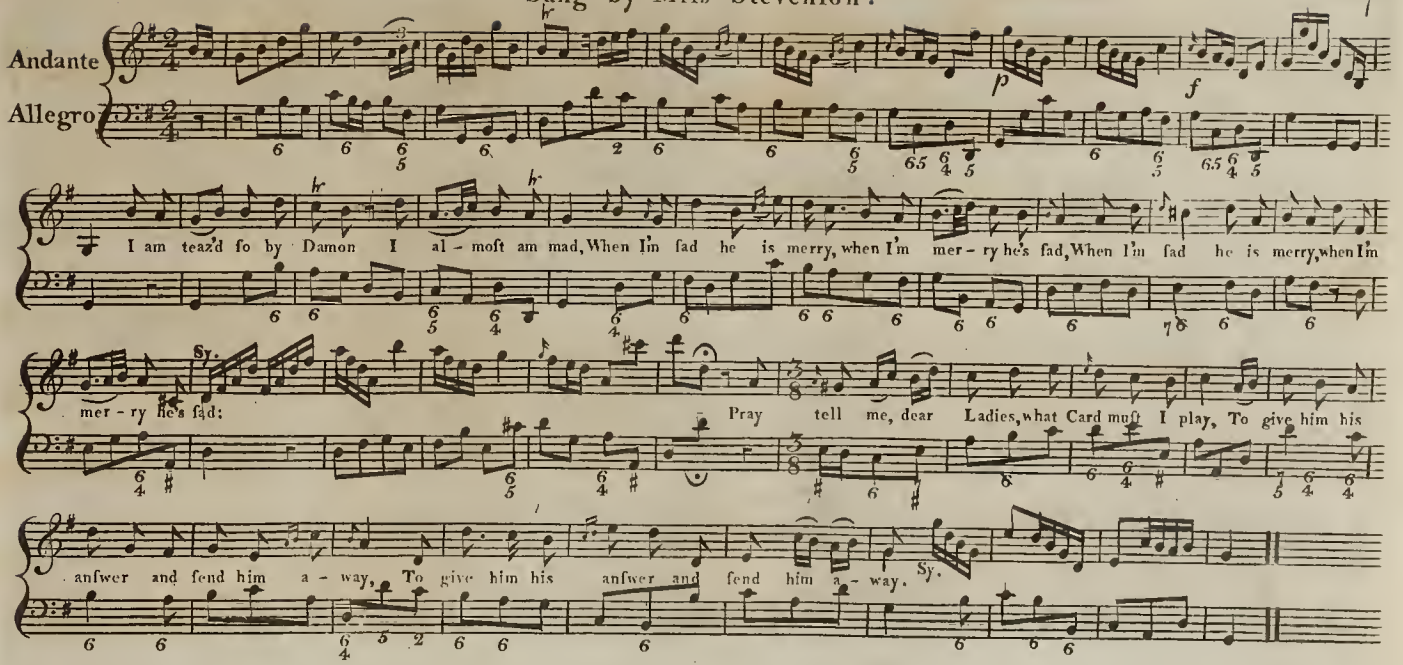
O Betsy when thou'rt far awa',
Wilt thou not caft a Wifh behind?
Say can'ft thou face the flaky Snaw,
Nor fhrink before the warping wind?
O can that faft and gentleft Mien
Severeft hardfhips learn to bear,
[illegible] regret each courtly Scene,
[illegible] faireft of the Fair?

3

O Betsy can'ft thou love fo true,
Thro' Perils kean wi' me to gae?
Or when thy Swain misfhap fhall rue,
To fhare with him the pang of wae?
And when invading Pains befall
Wilt thou affume the Nurfes care,
Nor, wifhful, thofe gay Scenes recall,
Where thou was faireft of the Fair?

4

And when at laft thy Love fhall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting Breath?
Wilt thou repreſs each ſtruggling ſigh?
And chear with ſmiles the Bed of Death?
And wilt thou o'er his much lov'd Clay
Strew Flow'rs, and drop the tender tear,
Nor then regret thofe Scenes ſo gay,
Where thou was faireft of the Fair?



2

When I tell him I hate him, he will not believe,
And though I ſhould ſwear it, he'll think I deceive;
Pray tell me, &c.

3

When I ſmile he grows ſaucy and ſays that I Love,
When I chide him he's pleaſ'd, and he calls me his Dove;
Pray tell me, &c.

4

I have told him his ſight I cannot endure,
He replies, then I love him, from thence, he is ſure;
Pray tell me, &c.

5

Whatever he praiſes I always do blame,
He ſays contradiction's a Cloak to my flame;
Pray tell me, &c.

6

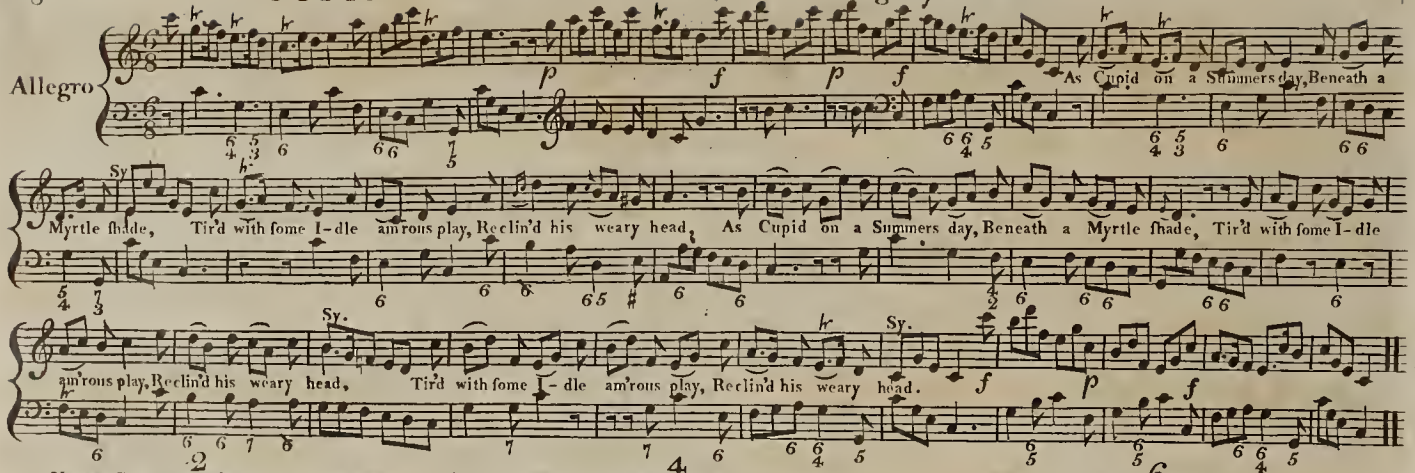
I reject all his Preſents, and ſend back his lines,
He recieves them again and he never repines,
Pray tell me, &c.

7

But ſince his chief pleaſure is only to teaze,
For once I'll outwit him and ſay his tricks pleaſe;
And when with my Damon this Card I ſhall play,
He may teaſe if he will, but he ſhan't get away.

CUPID and CHLOE.

Sung by Miſs Stevenſon.



2

Young Chloe chanc'd that way to rove,
To ſooth her anxious cares,
Tell gentle Echo of her Love,
And whiſper all her fears.

3

Surpriz'd! ſhe ſpy'd the little Boy
Hid in the cloſe retreat,
His Bow unſtrung, his Arrows too
Lie ſcatter'd round his feet.

4

Then ſtraight this vagrant to enſnare,
She rang'd all round the Grove,
Pluck'd up the Pinks and Lillies fair,
And bound the God of Love.

5

Poor Cupid try'd his hands to move,
He try'd alas! in vain,
Thrice flutter'd with his wings and ſtrove
To break the fragrant Chain.

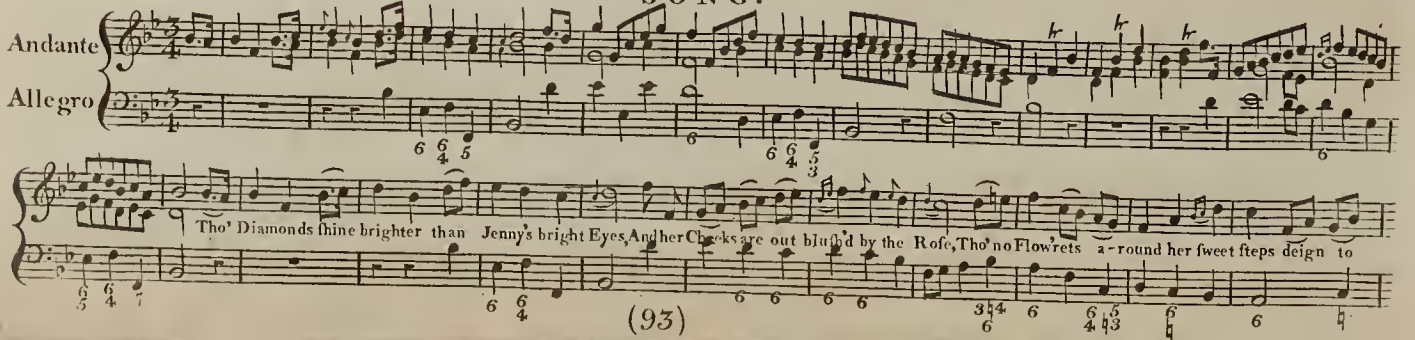
6

But when he ſaw her ſnowy Breaſt,
Her Lips and ſparkling Eyes,
Pleaſ'd there to find ſo ſweet a Neſt
He thus in tranſport cries.

7

Another Love let Venus gain,
'Tis here I'll fix my Sway,
More Conqueſts then ſhall grace my reign,
And Gods my pow'r obey.

SONG.



rise, And her Skin is not whiter than Snow, Tho' Diamonds shine brighter than Jenny's bright Eyes & her Cheeks are outblush'd by the

Rose, Tho' no Flow'rets around her sweet steps deign to rise, And her Skin is not whiter not whiter than Snow.

Plays

Tho' her voice is not sweeter than Philomels
Nor her lips with ambrosia distill
Tho' the Muses have never grown fond of her
Nor Apollo hath envied her Quill.

Vocal

Yet her charms are as great as a Woman can
And her virtues are equall'd by few
She's too good for a Belle she's too wise for a
And I love her Aye that's what I do.

THE COMPLAINT.

Larghetto Amoroso

e - ver fragrant bloom-ing Flow'rs, Who deck the heart en - rapt'ring Bow'rs: Ye verdant honours of the Trees, Fann'd by Ze - phyrs genial Breeze:

Ye tinkling rills who kiss the Grass And sprinkle plenty as ye pass Ye tinkling rills who kiss the Grass and sprin - kle plen - ty as ye

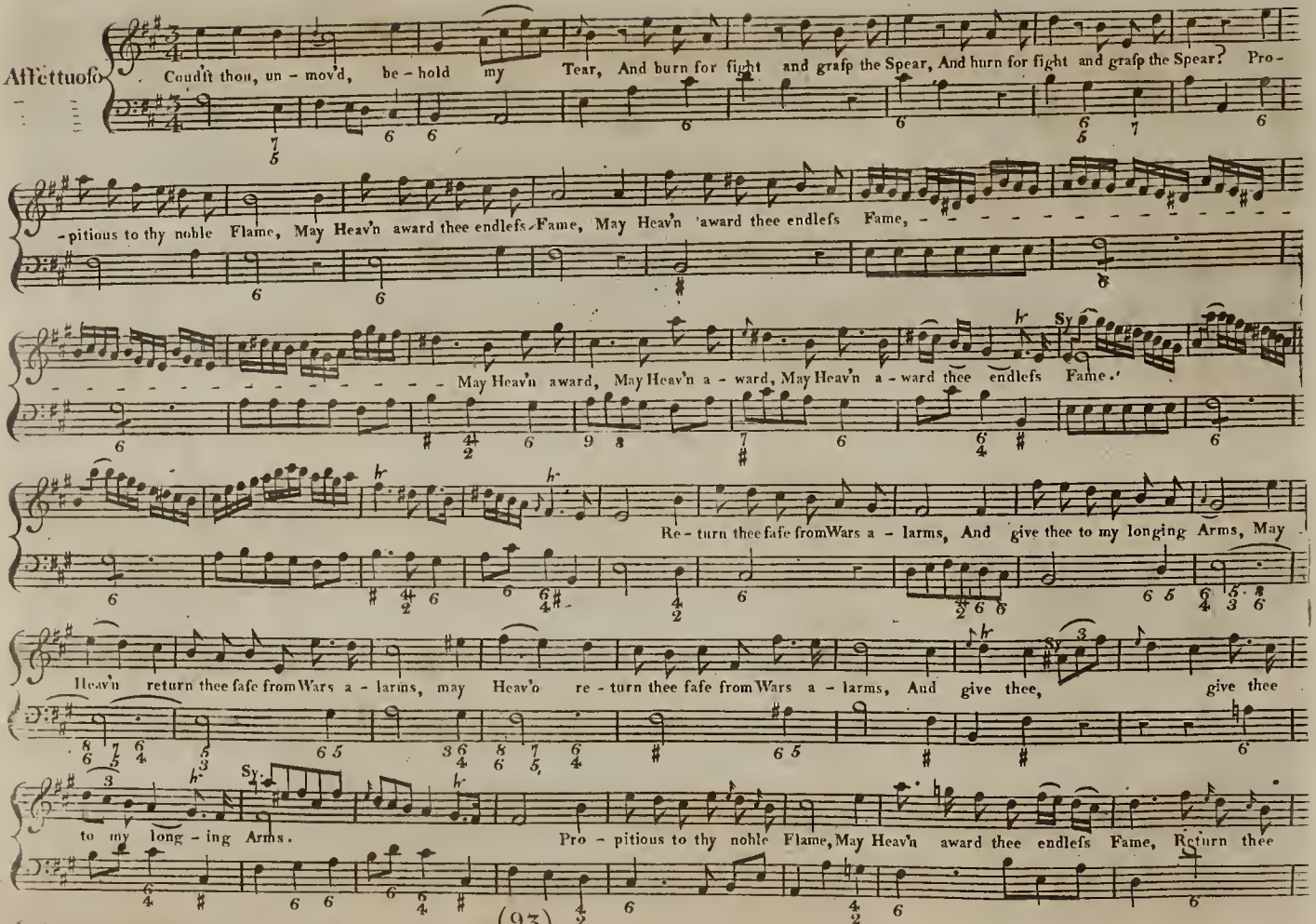
pass.

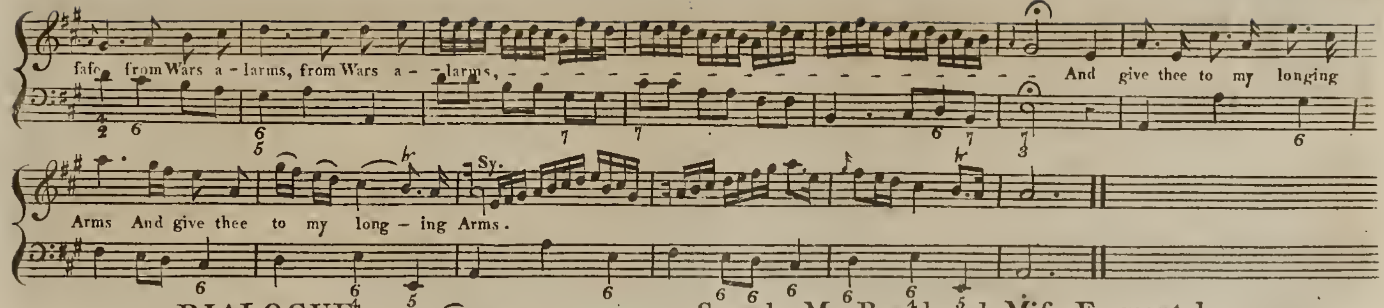
2

Ye herd who crop the flow'ry fields,
And pleas'd, enjoy what Nature yields;
Ye feather'd Songsters of the Grove,
Made vocal by the voice of Love:
And thou O Sun whose conscious Eye
All Nature cheers and gilds the Sky.

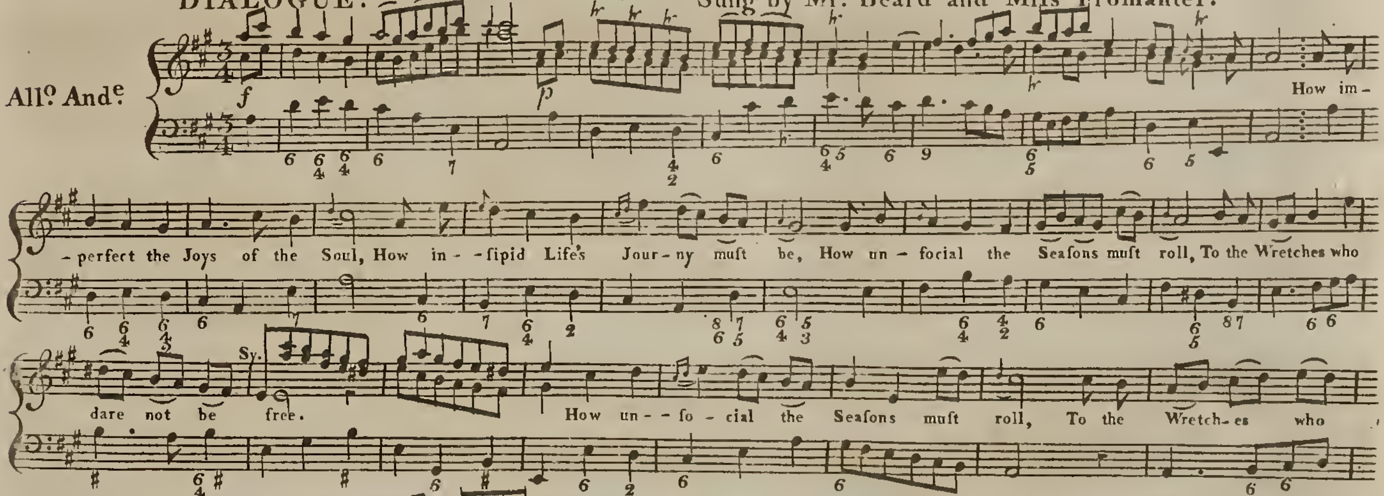
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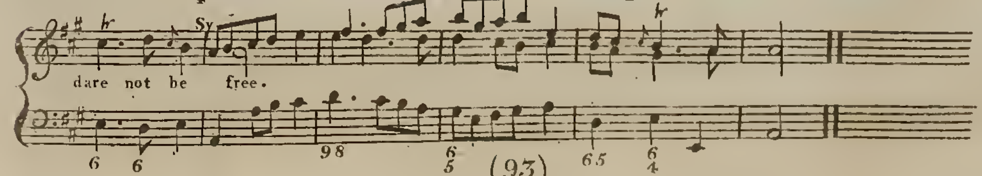
Say must I midst these lovely Bow'rs,
These verdant Trees and blooming Flowrs
These tinkling rills which kiss the Grass,
And sprinkle plenty as they pass;
For Damon mourn! Ah Damon why?
When Tears stood trembling in my Eye.


Affettuoso
Couldſt thou, un - mov'd, be - hold my Tear, And burn for fight and graſp the Spear, And burn for fight and graſp the Spear? Pro -
- pitious to thy noble Flame, May Heav'n award thee endleſs Fame, May Heav'n award thee endleſs Fame,
May Heav'n award, May Heav'n a - ward, May Heav'n a - ward thee endleſs Fame.
Re - turn thee faſe from Wars a - larms, And give thee to my longing Arms, May
Heav'n return thee faſe from Wars a - larms, may Heav'n re - turn thee faſe from Wars a - larms, And give thee, give thee
to my long - ing Arms.
Pro - pitious to thy noble Flame, May Heav'n award thee endleſs Fame, Return thee



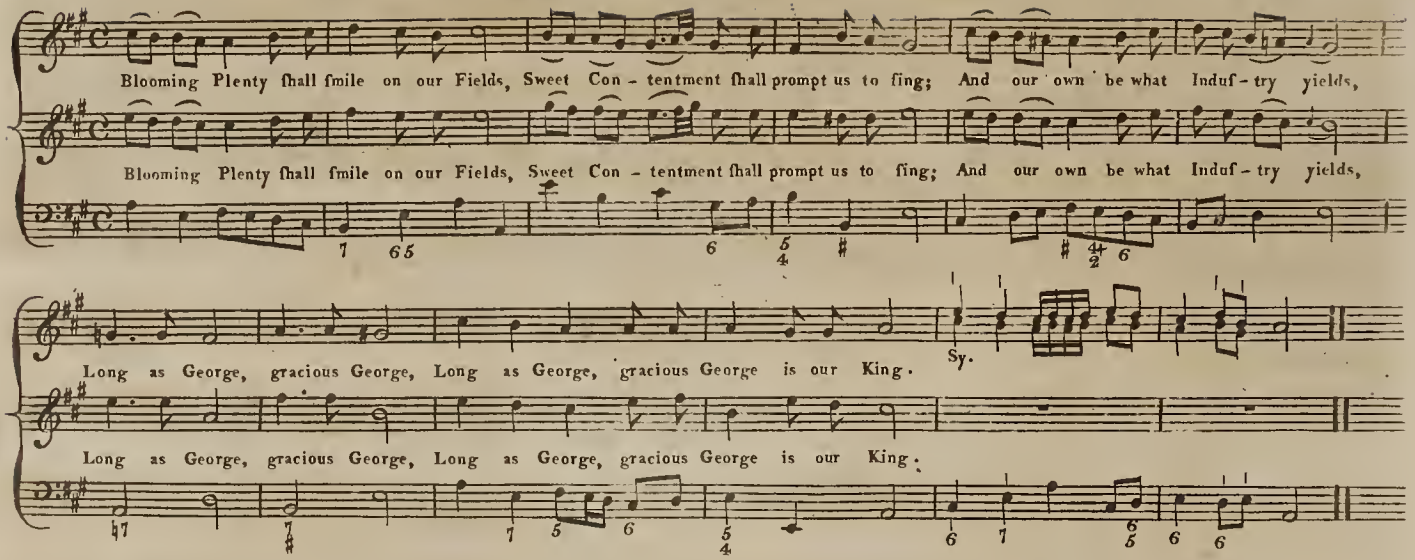
DIALOGUE. Sung by Mr. Beard and Miss Fromantel.





Nymph.
Ev'ry Youth loyal Courage can fire,
To the fair kind and constant must prove;
British Maids shall their Merit admire,
And reward them with Beauty and Love.

Duetto.



Swain.
Nought but Liberty Life can refine;
'Tis the Wreath with which England is crown'd;
See we're bleſs'd with the Oak and the Vine.
And we drain the Bowl all the Year round.

Nymph.
Oh, may Honor glow bright in each breaſt.
And the faithleſs may Infamy brand.
To the Nation they always are beſt
Who are true to the Nymphs of the Land.

Duett.
Blooming Plenty, &c.

Swain.
Let us wake when our Genius inſpires.
Let no Follies our Virtue enſlave;
Let us prove ourſelves great as our Sires,
And riſe Britons as glorious as brave.

Nymph.
Let the Sons of Britannia proceed,
Let them rouſe up revenge if they dare;
Still we've Heroes enough that will bleed
For their Country their King and the Fair.

Duett.
Blooming Plenty, &c.

Sung by Miſs Stevenſon.

Briſk and Lively.

At-tend ye Nymphs while I impart, The ſecret wiſhes of my heart, And

tell what Swain, if one there be, Whom Fate de-ſigns for Love and me,

At-tend ye Nymphs, while I impart The

ſe-cret wiſhes of my heart, And tell what Swain, if one there be, Whom fate de-ſigns for Love and me.

2

Let Reaſon o'er his Thoughts preſide
Let Honor all his Actions guide
Stedfaſt in Virtue let him be
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

3

Let ſolid Senſe inform his mind
With pure good nature ſweetly join'd
Sure Friend to modeſt merit be
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

4

Where Sorrow prompts the penſive ſigh
Where Griefs bedew the drooping Eye
Melting in Sympathy I ſee
The Swain deſign'd for Love and me.

5

Let fordid av'rice claim no part
Within his tender generous Heart
Oh be that Heart from falſehood free
Devoted all to Love and me.

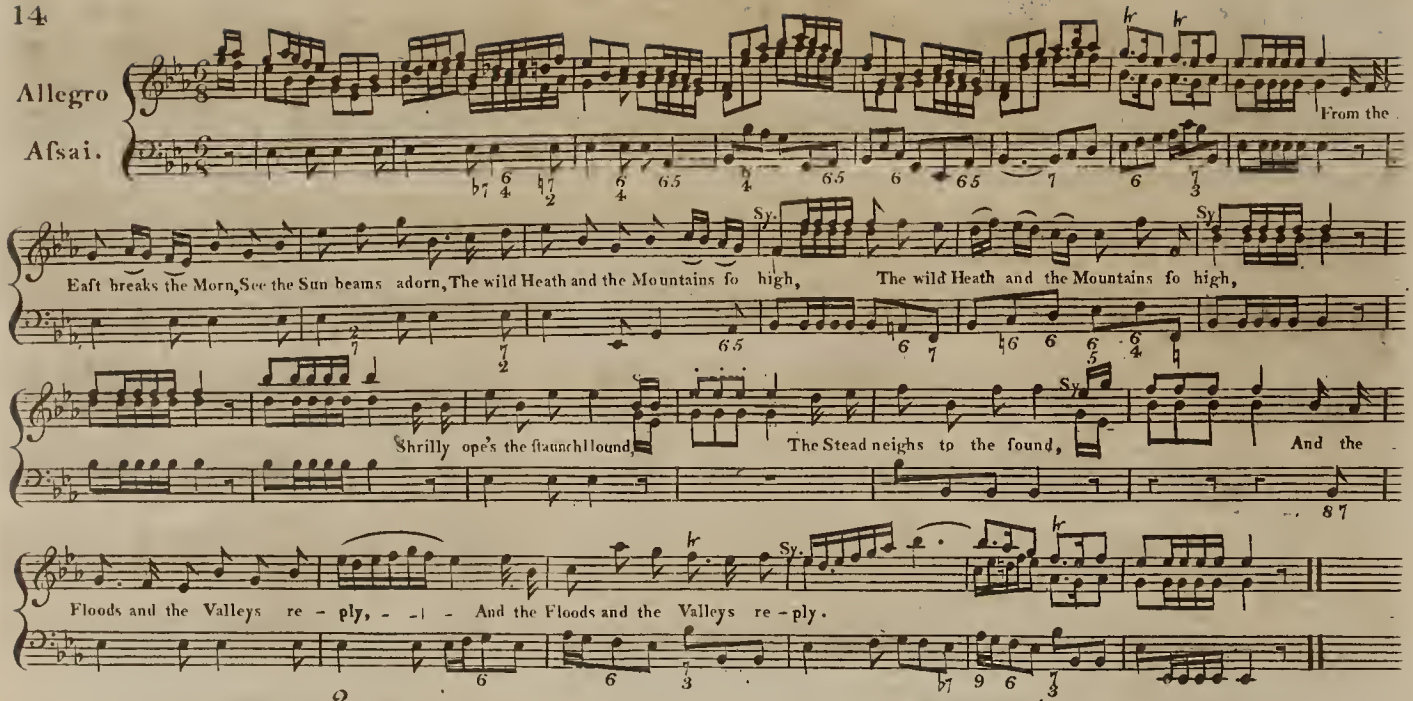
HUNTING SONG.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Briſk.

Recit.

Hark! the Horn calls away, Come the Grave, come the gay, Wake to Muſic that wakens the Skies. Quit the bondage of ſloth and ariſe.



2

Our forefathers, ſo good,
Prov'd their greatneſs of Blood
By encount'ring the Pard and the Boar:
Ruddy health bloom'd the face,
Age and Youth urg'd the Chace,
And taught Woodlands and Forefts to roar.

3

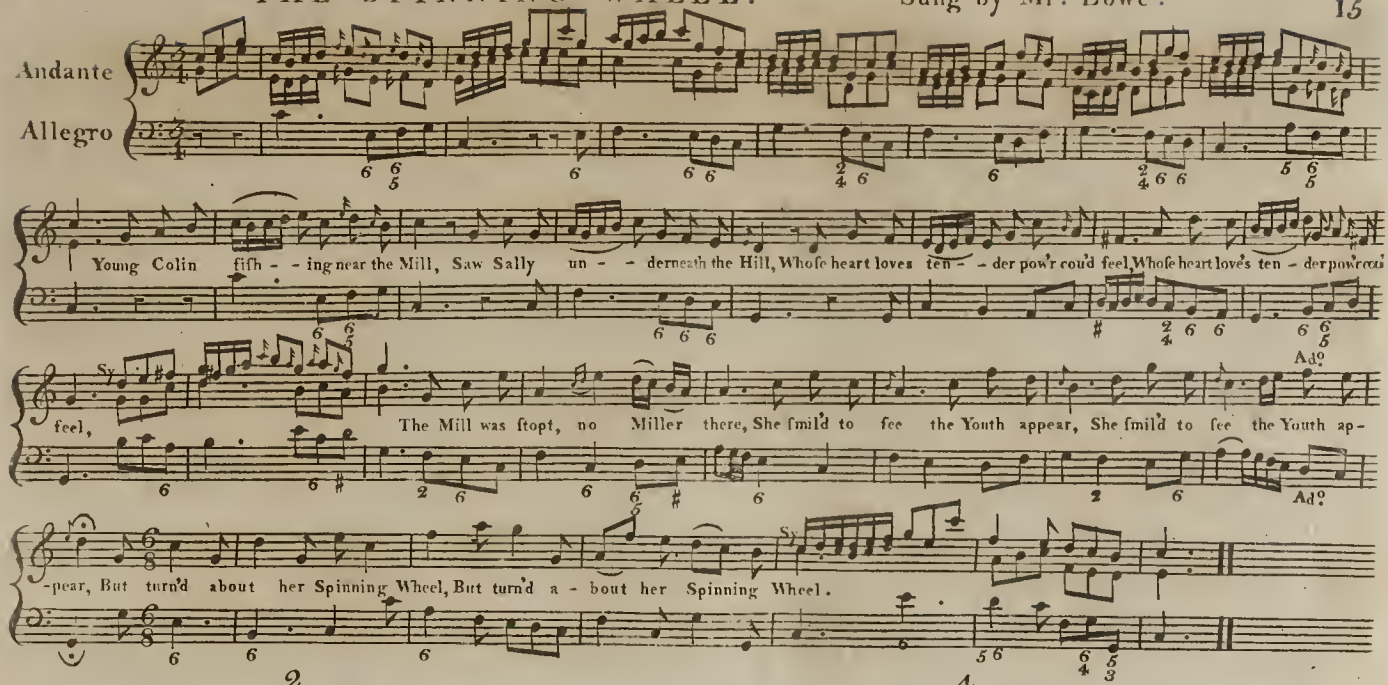
Hence of noble deſcent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the boſom of Nature's reveal'd:
Tho' in Life's buſy Day,
Man of Man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the Field.

4

With the Chace in full ſight,
Gods! how great the delight!
How our mortal Senſations refine!
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the Man's loſt in ſomething divine.

5

Now to horſe, my brave boys!
Lo each pants for the joys,
That anon ſhall enliven the whole:
Then at eve we'll diſmount,
Toils and Pleaſures recount,
And renew the Chace over the Bowl.



2

Thy Cheeks, says he, like Peaches bloom,
Thy Breath is like the Spring's Perfume;
On thy sweet lips my Love I'll seal:
Yon stately Swans, so white and sleek,
Are like to Sally's Breast and Neck:
But still she turn'd her Spinning Wheel.

3

Tho' fair one, Beauty's transient Pow'r,
Fades like the new blown gaudy Flow'r,
Not so where Virtue loves to dwell;
For where sweet Modesty appears,
We never see the Vale of Years:
She smil'd and stopp'd her Spinning Wheel.

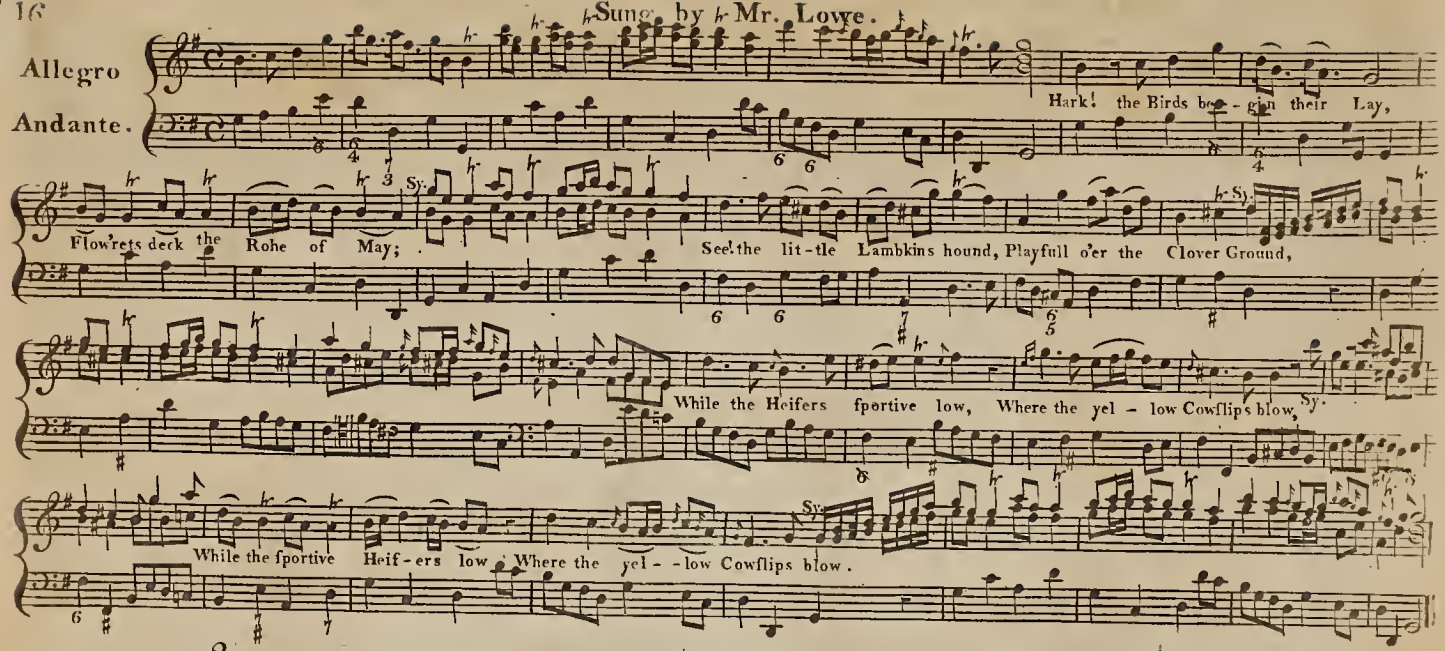
4

The Pomp of State, the Pride of Wealth,
Says she, I scorn, for Peace and Wealth,
Where honest Labour earns her Meal:
Who tells the flatt'rers common tale,
Can never o'er my heart prevail,
And make me leave my Spinning Wheel.

5

The Swain, who loves the Virtuous mind,
Alone can make young Sally kind,
For him I'll toil, I'll spin and reel,
It is the Voice says he of Love,
Come hasten to yon Church above:
She blush'd and left her Spinning Wheel.

Sung by Mr. Lowe.



2

Now the Nymphs and Swains advance
O'er the Lawn, in feftive Dance:
Garlands, from the Hawthorn hough,
Grace the happy Shepherd's brow:
While the Lafses, in array,
Wait upon the Queen of May.

3

Innocence, Content, and Love,
Fill the Meadows, and the Grove:
Mirth, that never wears a frown,
Health, with fweetnefs all her own:
Labour puts on pleafure's fmile,
And pale Care forgets his toil.

4

Ah! what Pleafures Shepherds know?
Monarchs cannot fuch beftow!
Love improves each happy hour:
Grandeur has not fuch in ftore.
Learn, Ambition, learn from hence,
Happinefs is Innocence.

CUPIDS ARROW.

